

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HISTORIC MILESTONES



IN HIS YOUTH LAFAYETTE HAD GIVEN A FORTUNE AND RISKED HIS LIFE FOR THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM IN A FEW STRUGGLING COLONIES.. ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO THIS MONTH HE CAME BACK·AN OLD MAN·TO THE LAND HE HAD HELPED TO LIBERATE·AND RECEIVED THE HOMAGE OF A NATION..WHAT MEMORIES MUST HAVE STIRRED HIM AS HE STOOD WITH BOWED HEAD AT THE TOMB OF HIS OLD COMMANDER·WASHINGTON!





# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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## THE TRAINING OF EDDIE AKERS



Against the western sky

By  
Charles A. Hoyt

**T**HE afternoon before the Fourth of July we three brothers, Joe, Guy and I, were finishing laying the corn by in our hundred-and-twenty-acre field down on the Little Sioux bottom. We stopped the horses to breathe in the shade of the cottonwoods.

"Phew! It's hot!" exclaimed Guy. He wiped his face and sat down.

"Think of something new; jaw about Den Rounds for a change," said Joe.

"Who can help it?" retorted Guy hotly. "He's the meanest old scoundrel outside of jail. There Eddie has worked for him six years winter and summer, night and day, and he hasn't given him a cent or a decent suit of clothes or a good pair of shoes. Nothing but overalls and plow shoes and work!"

"Sh!" I warned him as Dennis Rounds and his adopted son Eddie Akers drove up on the other side of the row of cottonwoods and stopped their teams.

"Hot one, ain't it?" said Den.

"I believe it'll thaw in the middle of the day," observed Eddie mildly. It was his stock joke, and we all smiled politely.

"The ice-cream stands will do well tomorrow if it holds this way," observed Guy, fanning himself. "Wouldn't mind a dish now."

"Huh!" snorted Den. "Something to think about beside celebrations and ice cream."

He scowled over his shoulder at Eddie as he clucked to his sweating mules. The scowl was not lost on Eddie, who turned his team and followed.

"One thing I notice," said Joe tartly. "Den don't get in behind Eddie and yell at him any more."

"Good reason why," said I. "It's got so the last two or three years he can't keep up with Eddie, let alone crowd him."

"I had to laugh a year ago last fall," remarked Guy, grinning. "That was the first year Den couldn't keep up with Eddie husking corn. Eddie got so that year he could gain twenty rods going round the field."

"Years before that Den used to follow Eddie and pelt him with corn."

Joe rose and turned his team round.

"I'll bet he wouldn't pelt Eddie now," said Guy and started down the corn after Joe. "Get out of my way," he yelled to his brother, "or I'll run right over you and give you a wallop or two for good measure."

Away he went full speed on the last rows of the big field. Over across the fence Den and Eddie had two or three days' work ahead of them. I watched them out of sight—Den short-legged, long-armed and powerful, Eddie six feet, two inches tall in his stockings and wide in proportion. He was a mild, inoffensive fellow with a freckled face, blue eyes and light hair. His smile was most disarming, and his manner was gentle, almost apologetic; but you somehow got the idea of latent power in him. It had always been said that Den Rounds was the strongest man in Monona County, but that day, watching Eddie's bulk against the western sky as he plowed corn and threw the heavy double shovels round like straws, I began

to wonder who really was the strongest man in the county.

Den Rounds was a renter on eighty acres of the old McMaster place, which joined ours on the south. As far back as we could remember Den had lived in his little shack by the creek with one boy or another that he had picked up. As soon as a boy became of age he promptly left,—indeed one or two had run away before that time,—but when one left Den got another. None of them was actually abused; Dennis was shrewd enough not to do that; but every one of them had been ground down by unrelenting toil as far as flesh and blood—and the neighbors—would stand.

At six o'clock we finished our hundred and twenty and waited for Den and Eddie to drive up.



"Where are you going the Fourth, Eddie?" I called as we were preparing to take the cultivators to the barn and put them away for the year.

Eddie came and leaned over the fence. "Nowheres," said he sadly. "Ain't got our corn laid by."

"Good gracious!" Guy and Joe both exclaimed together. "I would now, you just bet, if it was me!" said Guy.

Eddie gazed steadily after Dennis, who had started back.

"I'll bet you wouldn't!" he said after a moment. "You never worked for Den Rounds!"

"You haven't been anywhere this year!" Guy burst out. "I call that a rotten shame!"

"No, nor any other year," said Eddie slowly. "But you can bet I'll go one of these times, and before I do I'll give Den Rounds one of the awfulest trimmings a man ever got and lived through!"

Den glanced round. "Come on yere!" he shouted. "You won't git back before dark if you don't rack along!"

Eddie slid the lines over his big shoulders, hooked his great hands over the handles of the cultivator and clucked to the mules. "That's just what I'll do," he said grimly and started for the other end of the row half a mile away.

"He'll do it," said Joe. "Dennis is an awful strong man and a fighter, but Eddie can do it."

The next day we went to the celebration at Smithland and had a fine time while poor Eddie cultivated corn twelve long, hot hours. There was almost everything at the celebration, even a live Congressman as speaker of the day. He proved that he was very much alive by offering a prize of one hundred dollars to the champion corn husker of Monona County; he left the details of the competition for the contestants to settle.

Every corn husker on the grounds attended the enthusiastic meeting that was held that afternoon, and time, place and rules were agreed upon. The

contest was to be held in our village, the most central point, where the corn was usually best. Scales were handy to weigh the loads, and there were plenty of fences to which horses could be hitched; everything was favorable.

Eddie heard the news eagerly. "Who they goin' to have in it?" he asked. "Can anybody come in?"

"Why, sure; it's a county affair," we said to him. "Try it; you can't any more than fail."

Eddie flushed like a girl. "I wouldn't stand no show," he said, but he listened to our account of it with breathless interest.

All that summer we talked of little else. We boys had a loafing spell after corn plowing, but Dennis and Eddie worked on a county bridge through the long, hot summer and early fall. Eddie would of course be leaving the next year, and Dennis was extracting the last ounce of energy he could while he had him.

In October the frost came, whitening the few blades of corn that were not ripe, and we prowled over the field speculating on how much it would yield an acre. Eighty bushels at the very least was everyone's estimate. No winds had broken it down,—a circumstance that was unusual,—and everything was favorable for a big time in November.

We all started husking early, really before the ears were dry enough to break readily. It takes eight or ten killing frosts and some hot, windy days to dry corn thoroughly, but we went slowly at first, getting our hands toughened to the hard work. There was only one husker of championship timber in our family. Joe could "drive over" any of us within an hour after starting.

The way we husk corn in our neighborhood is for a man to drive alongside the two rows that he is to husk, and he is responsible for any corn that is down between the outer

row and the third one. The next man drives his team in behind the first man over the last husked row, riding down the denuded stalks, and picks the next two rows. The other huskers follow in turn. If the man behind is the faster picker, he will gradually drive his team ahead, until at last his wagon passes over the unhusked corn in the forward picker's outer row. That done, he drives ahead of him and moves two rows into the other's place. The disgruntled husker who has been "driven over" has to pick out the ears of corn from the tangle of stalks that are down and pull over two rows in the opposite direction, thus falling in behind. Corn huskers delight to drive over as many men in a day as they possibly can and then jeer at them at night.

October went on dragging feet. November came in with a hard freeze every night; white frost showed every morning for a week. The tenth of November was the day for the trial, and our field, being perhaps the most even in yield, was chosen as the arena for the contest. Each man was to do his own driving, but, as all the horses were trained to obey the voice, that was no handicap to anyone. Each wagon had a high "throw board" on the right side and a box so high that a short man could hardly see over it as, standing in the wagon, he drove to the field.

The evening before the tenth we saw Eddie at the general store. "Going in?" we asked.

He shook his head. "Den's going in," he said shortly and turned away.

We glanced at one another. Dennis was one of the best huskers in the county. His habit of getting in behind his boys and crowding them had got him many more bushels husked in a day than he would have got husked otherwise, but lately Eddie had been pulling out so much ahead that apparently he was afraid to let him try, lest the boy should beat him.

Sunrise was the time for the start. There were thirty entries, the pick of the countryside. The test was by

They shied and snorted a little and then drove over Den's corn



DRAWINGS BY  
JOSEPH FRANKS



weight, the most corn in three hours. Dennis was there, and his eyes were glittering with excitement. Most of the huskers were actuated by the sport of the thing, but Dennis talked of nothing except the money.

As the sun peeped over the bluffs every eye was fixed on the first ear of corn. The competitors tied on their husking mittens and strapped pegs to their fingers. Horses fretted at the noise and danced impatiently. Just as the sun cleared the horizon a revolver cracked and the race was on. Instantly the air was full of corn. Every man jumped to his work as if on springs, tearing at the dry husks, hurling the big ears at the "throw board," keeping one or two in the air all the time. They struck the boards in a fast tattoo.

Our Joe was up with the rest, but no more than that. He was pitted against men trained by long falls of husking when they had raced against time, trying to beat the December snows and to get their hard-earned crops under cover. We ranged along beside him, shouting encouragement and scolding his team into submission, for the unwonted noise was distracting them. Others were doing the same thing for their knights of the husking peg until fully a hundred men were following, talking and shouting.

Nobody cheered for Dennis. He husked swift and sure; he never missed a grab, never lost a motion. His jaws were set in a fixed grin; his short legs were stabbing the ground; his long arms were flying; and his great hands were clutching the ears one after another with unerring precision.

We glanced along behind the line where father was prowling round looking for corn left in the field; he did not propose to let it rot even if he was getting it husked for nothing. But who was that pulling in behind the line fully ten minutes late? It was Eddie! He was just getting into action. When we saw him his big sorrel mules were heading in behind the last man. The corn began to fly, and how it did fly! Never before had we seen corn husked; we had only thought we had! Oftener three rather than two ears were in the air at once. His mules forged ahead, overtook the man in front, who did not wait to be "driven over," but pulled out and circled round behind. The next man stuck longer, but he too finally pulled out.

One after another six men fell before Eddie's onslaught, and he had come up behind Dennis. At first his foster father did not notice who it was; then he saw the team. For a single instant he stared open-mouthed at Eddie, who was working like a machine; then the contest was on!

The two men worked like demons. Only two movements did they require to rip off the husks and land the ear in the wagon. Lightning swift they moved! One after another the men ahead pulled out, and still the two strove for mastery. The crowd gathered close about them, yelling and cheering.

For ten rods or so they were even; then Eddie began slowly to gain. It was fighting spirit against dogged determination. Not for nothing had Eddie endured the years of relentless driving. Dennis had not known it, but he had driven his foster son to his own undoing.

Slowly Eddie's mules pulled up on Dennis. Dennis worked like a wild man, but it was of no use. The great sorrel mules walked close up to him, with Eddie at their flanks throwing corn like a machine. They shied and snorted a little and then drove over Den's corn, wallowed it down, pulled in ahead of his team and went on while the yellow ears piled high against Eddie's "throw board." Dennis had been "driven over," humiliated and made the laughing stock of the whole county.

Up ahead Eddie began to meet his match. There were other upstanding giants there who could throw corn seemingly as well as he. The crowd began to run ahead and pick out their champions. Eddie was alone in the ruck; no one cheered for him—at least not at that point in the race. As for us, Joe needed all the encouragement we could give him.

Dennis husked awhile until it was plain that he stood no chance; then he hitched his horses to his wagon and ran ahead with the others. The huskers' mittens were beginning to wear out; they changed them with lightning speed and went on. Dennis ranged along behind Eddie; his face was working strangely. He noticed that Eddie's mitten had a hole in it, and he dashed up and thrust a new pair into the boy's hand. The two did not speak to each other; Eddie only grabbed the mittens, yanked them on and went ahead.

The sun mounted high. Two hours passed. Everybody brought water to the competitors. Dennis "forked" a mule and ran him like mad for home; he came back with a quart bottle of lemonade. Eddie was then third from the lead, with half an hour to go. Pouring the lemonade down at one long gulp, he tore in for the finish.

Everyone was now close to the leaders, cheering like mad. Since Joe had driven out an hour before, we three cheered for Eddie. Suddenly Dennis burst from the crowd, ran up beside us and, mounting the tail board of Eddie's wagon, waved his hat. "Go it, boy! Go it! Show 'em what's in ye! You're a champ! You're a champ! Throw corn! Throw corn! Break 'em out! Break 'em out!"

We stood and stared. A miracle had happened! Dennis seemed to have been lifted out of the sordid rut of his life, seemed suddenly to have realized that his browbeaten drudge of an Eddie was a man among men, the peer of the best of them.

Dennis's soul must have sung within him!

Eddie gave one astonished glance and then threw the corn as no man ever had thrown it before! The air was full of husks and dirt! Yellow ears sailed through the air in a stream. Minute after minute passed, and Eddie finally pulled up behind the last man in the line, a little fellow from Kennebec, five miles away. There was little difference in skill between them, but Eddie had the strength and the endurance—endurance born of relentless driving from daylight till dark for half his life. Other clay might have been crushed under it, but he was iron-hard.

Ten minutes before the finish Eddie drove over his last antagonist and won! He had husked forty-four weighed bushels of corn in two hours and fifty minutes and was the champion corn husker of Monona County!

The next evening we were all at the schoolhouse, where Eddie was to receive his hundred dollars in gold. He came down

the aisle with his shining face beaming like the rising sun. His usually upstanding hair was soaped flat to his head, and he wore a blue suit. His new tan shoes squeaked loudly. His necktie gave Guy a start; Guy said afterwards it looked as if the congressman had cut Eddie's throat!

Den's eye rested caressingly on his foster son, and pride showed in every line of his face. "I paid sixty dollars for that outfit," he whispered to father, who was sitting in front of Eddie and Dennis.

"You sure trimmed up old Den to a fare-you-well!" Guy whispered over the back of Eddie's seat. "You sure done him up good!"

"Sh!" said Eddie warningly, glancing at Den, who was listening gloatingly to the polished periods of the congressman as he praised the boy. "Don't let him hear you; he might feel bad. He's a pretty good old scout after all. We're goin' to rent the eighty together next year. He gave me the sorrel mules and a full kit of farming tools!"

## HIGH WATER By Harriet Lummis Smith



DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER

"Why, Mrs. Henderson!" she kept repeating



WHEN Charlotte engaged her room it was the proximity of the river that decided her. The cheap rent helped of course, though the difference of seventy-five cents a week between the rent of it and the rent of another more attractive room that she was considering was not great enough to counterbalance its ugliness. When she looked out of the window her face changed magically. "Oh!" she exclaimed with delight. "How near the river is!"

Mrs. Simpson, who kept the rooming house, gave her an odd look. It was clear she did not understand the enthusiasm of Charlotte's tone. But Charlotte explained at once:

"I love to be near water. You see, there was a brook on the farm at home; I could see it from the window of my room."

Mrs. Simpson rubbed her nose. "Yes," she said noncommittally, "we are near the river." And with her mind quite made up Charlotte took the room and paid a week's rent in advance.

It was old Mrs. Henderson, who had the room across the hall from Charlotte, that explained to her why Mrs. Simpson's manner was enigmatic. Mrs. Henderson took most of her meals in her room, making tea over an alcohol lamp and eating baker's rolls and dried beef, with a newspaper for a tablecloth. In spite of her evident poverty and loneliness she was a cheerful old lady, and she and Charlotte were soon in a fair way to be friends. Mrs. Henderson nodded when Charlotte remarked how near the river was. "Yes, that's why the rooms are cheap, you know."

"Cheap!" exclaimed Charlotte. "I should think that would make them more expensive."

Mrs. Henderson stared and then remem-

bered. "Oh, you've never been here in the spring."

"No, I never have."

"Well, when the spring comes and the river rises you'll know why people will pay to get away from it. I've been in this house three springs, but none of them the water was very high. Of course the cellar is flooded every year, and it puts the furnace fire out."

"Dear me!" Charlotte exclaimed. "I should think everybody would take cold."

"Yes, everybody does. If that's all, we don't say much. But if the river should ever get really high, there's no knowing what would happen. This house is old and what you might call ramshackle. A real flood might take it off its foundations."

Charlotte looked serious a moment and then laughed. "Well, anyway," she said, "it's a long way to spring. In the meantime I'm going to enjoy the river."

And she did, though the river had all the drawbacks of other rivers in manufacturing towns. But from her window Charlotte could not see how dirty the water was. In the morning with the mist rising it was like a river of dreams, and late in the day when it reflected the colors of the sunset it brought to her mind the words "a sea of glass mingled with fire." But she liked it best at night when the city was asleep and the moon was high and the river shone with a silvery light. Once or twice during the winter the thermometer fell so low that the river froze across, and there was skating both day and night. Those evenings Charlotte sat by her window with her coat on—little heat reached her third-story room on cold days—and watched the figures gliding over the ice. All that helped to confirm her earlier satisfaction.

Mrs. Henderson too was such a nice neighbor. The

plucky, sunny little old lady had taken a great fancy to the plucky, sunny girl. When Charlotte came in late on a cold evening Mrs. Henderson was likely to ask her into her room for a cup of tea. It was weak tea of an inferior quality, but it was steaming hot, and Charlotte always sipped it gratefully. Sometimes she returned the hospitality by taking Mrs. Henderson to a concert; Mrs. Henderson enjoyed music so much.

The little old lady always locked the door of her room when she went out—a precaution at which Charlotte wondered not a little. She was quite sure there was nothing in Mrs. Henderson's room to tempt anyone. But one night when they were sitting over their tea she discovered her mistake. Mrs. Henderson had owned to being tired. "I've polished all my silver today," she explained. "All your silver?" Charlotte looked round the room, thinking Mrs. Henderson must be joking.

The old lady understood her puzzled air. "There! To think I've never showed you my silver! But it's a good time for you to see it when it's all nice and shiny."

There was a couch in Mrs. Henderson's room that became a bed at night. Charlotte now discovered that the couch had still another use. The foundation was a long box, from which Mrs. Henderson proceeded to take a number of large pieces of silver. Charlotte's amazement quite overshadowed her admiration. "Why, Mrs. Henderson!" she kept repeating, and Mrs. Henderson took the exclamation as a compliment to her possessions and beamed with satisfaction.

"Pretty nice, aren't they?" she said. "It's all family silver, you see. These tea things date back to the Revolution."

"But, Mrs. Henderson, they must be valuable!"

"Yes, they are. That's why I always do the work of my room myself and lock the door when I go out. You're the only one in the house who knows they are here."

"But couldn't you do something with them?"

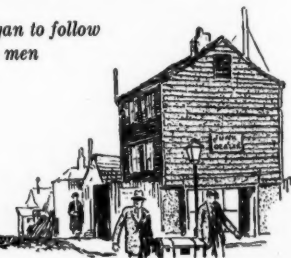
Mrs. Henderson did not understand the question. "Yes, I've willed 'em to my grand-niece," she replied. "She's the only descendant. Kind of sad, isn't it? But I mean to keep 'em as long as I live. They're more comfort to me than you'd believe."

"I suppose you could sell them, couldn't you, and get lots of nice things with the money?"

Mrs. Henderson looked at Charlotte in a queer, unbelieving way, and involuntarily Charlotte smiled, as if the suggestion had been a pleasantry.

"Oh, I see. You were just joking," said Mrs. Henderson in a tone of relief. "Of course I wouldn't sell the family silver any more than I—well, I just wouldn't do it, that's

She began to follow the two men





all. Did you ever see anything handsomer than that tray? Yes, it's solid. There's not a plated piece in the lot."

There was considerable snow that winter, and when the spring rains came the river rose and kept rising. Charlotte found it so fascinating that she could hardly keep away from her window when she was in her room. Swollen, yellow and turbulent, it raced through the city, carrying with it uprooted trees, fence rails and small outbuildings. The cellar was flooded, and the furnace fire went out. Mrs. Henderson wore two shawls instead of her usual one. Charlotte purchased a pair of rubber boots. The people who had rooms on the first floor moved out in a body.

Charlotte came home one night in a heavy rain. For the first time since she had known Mrs. Henderson she found her depressed. "I suppose we might as well make up our minds to leave," said the old lady. "The river's getting higher all the time, and to-night's paper says the lower dam isn't safe. Why, if that dam should break, this house would be smashed like an eggshell."

"Perhaps we'd better pack up then," said Charlotte, impressed by her old friend's manner.

Mrs. Henderson laughed mirthlessly. "I can't do much packing. My trunk is in the cellar, and it must be under water by now. I've got a little market basket to do my packing in."

"You can put your things in my trunk," Charlotte said. "It was my mother's, so it's a great deal bigger than I need."

Mrs. Henderson protested, but yielded at last. They packed the trunk with the Henderson family silver, wrapping up the pieces in Charlotte's garments. It was midnight when they finished, and the trunk was both full and heavy.

Luckily one of Charlotte's fellow workers, with whom she had struck up a friendship, had asked her that very day what she planned to do in case the river kept on rising. "You know folks have been getting out along the river for the last two weeks," the girl had said. "Almost every place is full except the big hotels."

Charlotte looked dismayed. Her wages were such that even one night at a big hotel would be for her an impossible luxury.

"I'll tell you what," said the girl. "If you have to leave, you can bring your trunk to my house till you find a place. When my father bought he picked out the highest ground in the city. We don't see much of the river on Berry Street, but we're not in any danger of being drowned out. You won't mind sleeping three in a bed, will you?" she added as an afterthought. "My sister and I have a room together."

"I shan't mind it if you don't," Charlotte had replied gratefully and then had written down the address.

It was that address she gave to the expressman early the following morning.

The expressman was busy and gruff. "What floor is your trunk on?"

"The third."

"I can't climb to any third floor for trunks this day. You'll have to have it downstairs and out in front and ready when I come by."

Charlotte sighed as she thought of the weight of the Henderson silver. "Well, if I must, I suppose I can, but it's pretty heavy. What time will you come for it?"

"I'll try to be there by half past eight." Charlotte went back to the house. She was strong, but getting a heavy trunk down two flights of stairs is a man's job. Charlotte was afraid that the bumping would bring Mrs. Simpson out to complain of the treatment her walls were getting, but seemingly Mrs. Simpson had other worries that occupied her fully.

The trunk was on the sidewalk at last, and Mrs. Henderson was fluttering solicitously round the panting Charlotte. "O my! I hope you haven't hurt yourself. It's my silver that's to blame."

They waited for the expressman expectantly at first, then with anxiety and then with rising ire. At ten o'clock Charlotte decided to go in search of him. "You stay by the trunk till I come back," she said to Mrs. Henderson. "I shan't be long."

"It's too bad for you to be so late for your work," Mrs. Henderson answered. "Maybe you'd better go along and leave me to look after the trunk."

Charlotte considered and then shook her head. "I'm so late now that I'll be docked

half a day anyway," she said. "No, I'll stay till I see the trunk started."

She was not back so soon as she had expected, because she did not find the expressman who had promised to take her trunk. He had taken a load of furniture for some anxious householder, and his wife acknowledged that he would not be back for some time. "You'd better not wait for him," she said. "There's real money in what he's doing now, and you can't expect him to bother with a trunk with a few clothes."

"But there's more than clothes in that trunk!" exclaimed Charlotte. "There is a lot of valuable silver!" Stung by an incredulous expression on the face of the expressman's wife, she hastened to add, "It's not mine. It belongs to an old lady I've left keeping guard over it."

The expressman's wife seemed a little impressed. "Well, I'm sorry," she said. "But I don't believe you'd better wait for my husband. There's a grocer in the second block above who has a horse and wagon. Maybe you could get him to help you out."

Charlotte hurried away and found the grocer presently, only to learn that his horse and wagon were already engaged by people who were in the same predicament as herself. She retraced her steps, hoping to meet with some sort of vehicle that she could press into service, but those that passed already had more than a load.

When she came in sight of Mrs. Simpson's rooming house she stopped short. Both the trunk and Mrs. Henderson had disappeared. Her first feeling was one of pleasure; Mrs. Henderson had found some one to move the trunk. Then with a start she realized that Mrs. Henderson did not know the address to which the trunk was to go. She had meant to give it to her before they separated.

Charlotte had halted at a corner, and as she stood hesitating she looked up the cross street. At once she spied two men several blocks away carrying a trunk between them. From their efforts to balance themselves she knew that the trunk was heavy; yet they were swinging along rapidly. Charlotte's brows contracted as she stared after them. Even at that distance the trunk seemed familiar to her. Acting on a sudden impulse, she began to follow the two men. Unencumbered as she was, she could walk faster than they.

When she was half a block away she was sure that the trunk was hers. Her first impulse was to call out and ask what they were doing, but second thoughts led her to change her mind. The men were carrying her trunk away from the river, which was exactly what she wanted; on a day when it was hard to find an expressman it seemed ungracious to object to the unsolicited service. Moreover, there was no policeman in sight. Charlotte decided that it was not the right moment to claim her property.

On and on they went. Charlotte kept well behind them. Once when they set the trunk down and rested she slipped into an alley and waited till they were ready to proceed. Ordinarily the sight of two men carrying a trunk for any distance would have attracted attention and perhaps have aroused suspicion. But in the circumstances people accepted it as a matter of course. Passersby, if they noticed the men at all, glanced at them compassionately.

An empty express wagon, which apparently had carried a load from the neighborhood of the river to higher ground, rattled round a distant corner. The two men caught sight of it and seemed to reach a conclusion simultaneously; they dropped their load on the sidewalk, and the taller of the two gave a piercing whistle.

Charlotte quickened her pace and came up with them. "You needn't carry my trunk any farther," she said a little breathlessly.

The men faced about. Then something threatening in their manner as they glared at her suddenly changed to ingenuous surprise. For as mysteriously as if he had sprung out of the earth a tall policeman had come into view. He stood just behind Charlotte, looking keenly from one to another of the trio.

"Your trunk?" said the taller of the two men as if he were trying hard to speak mildly. "You're crazy, young lady! That trunk belongs to my sister."

"Yes, it's his sister's trunk," said the second. "I never saw you before."

The policeman came a step nearer, and the tall man spoke to him glibly: "There's a lot

of valuable silver in it. That's what makes it so heavy. And there's some clothes besides."

Charlotte understood. The men must have heard her thoughtless confidences to the expressman's wife. But though startled she was not daunted. "You heard me say that!" she challenged him. "Now describe the silver and the clothes too."

"It's my sister's trunk," repeated the man, "and I don't know just what the silver is or what dresses she carried."

"Well, it's my trunk," Charlotte countered. "And I can tell all about the silver and the dresses and everything that is in it." She opened her purse and took out a trunk key. "I'll describe what's in the top tray," she said to the policeman, "and then I'll open the trunk, and you can decide whether it's mine or not."

The tall man and the short one exchanged significant looks. "See here, officer," said the first, "everybody's liable to make mistakes. There were two trunks on the sidewalk, and I took the one I thought was my sister's. But the young lady is so positive, maybe I made a mistake."

"It's one of them unlucky mistakes that need a little explaining," the policeman replied dryly. "You two had better just come along—"

The wagon the men had hailed rattled up, and the two thieves thought they saw their chance; they dodged behind it and started to run. But the big policeman was too quick for them. A shot brought them to a halt, and their hands went up. Then the policeman marched them back for further inspection by Charlotte.

"Take a good look at 'em," he ordered, "so you'll know 'em when you meet 'em in court. I've got an idea the tall one is wanted for something else."

## THE WINGFIELD PAGEANT

Chapter Eight  
Sid the diplomat

By Ralph D. Paine



AFTER Hamilton Bruce and Sidney and Joe had coaxed the engine for some time the motor dory consented to run down the river in search of the lost pageant flotilla. The canoes and skiffs probably had been strung together, they surmised, and Conky Ryder and his pals had rowed the larger boats, with the tide to help them. Joe said perhaps they had been turned adrift in the wide inland bay three miles below the village. In any event they could not have been taken very far away during a single night.

Alas, they found not one empty boat on the waters of the landlocked bay. It was bordered with wide marshes through which flowed many tidal streams. To ransack those one by one was going to be a slow and difficult task. A huddle of boats could be concealed almost anywhere in one of the muddy pools among the tall grass and rushes.

"Nobody else but Conky Ryder could have done it," ruefully observed Joe Runnels while the motor dory was skirting a shore of the bay. "He's a regular swamp rat. He hunts and fishes all over the place. Some folks say he has Indian blood in him."

"Unless we wait for high water at noon," said Sidney, "we can't get into some of these creeks without fouling the propeller all up with eelgrass. And here's Mr. Bruce along with us. It's impolite to let him miss dinner."

The author cheerily suggested that they need not starve so long as his own farmhouse was on the horizon. He was enjoying the cruise. It had the tang of adventure. As he told the boys, he needed to get away from



The expressman was interested enough to wait till the policeman and his prisoners had departed; then he inquired casually, "Want that trunk moved?"

"Yes, if you don't charge too much. What will you ask to take it to 618 Berry Street?"

The expressman repeated the address and chuckled. "I could cheat you," he said, "but I won't. This cross street is Elm, and 618 Berry is just round the corner. That pair did you a good turn without meaning to."

As soon as Charlotte had seen her trunk safely housed she hurried back to find Mrs. Henderson. As she had feared, the little old lady was almost frantic. It seemed that while she was standing guard over the trunk two men had approached her and said that a young girl who had been struck by an automobile was asking for her. The girl had been taken into a doctor's office, they explained, and they gave her full directions how to reach it. Of course Mrs. Henderson never found the doctor's office, and when she returned and saw that her trunk was missing she did not even then understand the trick. She greeted Charlotte with hysterical joy that owed nothing to the discovery that she made later—that her precious silver was safe.

Neither of them ever went back to Mrs. Simpson's rooming house, which shortly afterward was condemned and demolished. But, though they no longer live under the same roof, they see a good deal of each other and are as good friends as ever. Indeed Mrs. Henderson has altered her will, and unless she is obliged later to sell her treasures in order to support herself Charlotte will some day be the proud possessor of a colonial teapot in solid silver.

the pageant. It had aged him. What hair he had left was rapidly turning gray. There were moments when he rejoiced that he could rest for fifty years before Wingfield would celebrate another anniversary.

"Unless we find these boats in a hurry, it's all off this year," said Joe. "If we postpone the date, the tide will come wrong. And by the time the tide is right again the college will be closed for the summer."

"It's already advertised far and wide," put in Sidney. "Mr. Bruce wrote it up for the newspapers and signed his name to it. He surely has boosted old Wingfield, but he left himself pretty much out of it."

"Not modesty but caution, boys," said the author, smiling. "Something seems fated to happen to this pageant every few minutes."

"Sid Torr is the jinx. Throw him overboard," said Joe. "He's too light in the top story to drown."

Until almost noon they vainly explored the larger streams that meandered into the bay. By that time the boys were feeling the pangs of hunger. The motor dory passed a little island covered with tall pine trees. Smoke curled up from a camp fire. It was worth while stopping to ask whether anything had been seen of stray boats or canoes. They found a landing place on a tiny beach among the rocks. Set back among the trees was a shack knocked together of old boards. The smoke from the fire had an appetizing smell of clams steamed in seaweed.

Sidney was about to jump ashore when two young men strolled out to a projecting shelf of granite and stood looking down at the beach. One of them turned to shout a summons. Three other campers came out to join them. Sidney Torr hastily changed his mind about landing on the island. It held no attractions for him. He preferred to give it a wide berth so long as it was occupied by Conky Ryder, his two brothers, his uncle and his stepfather. He had not seen so many of the hostile clan together since town-meeting day.

"Better shove off, Sid," advised Joe Runnels. "I'll back her out a little way. Conky might heave a rock into the boat just for fun."

The dory moved out from the beach and paused at a prudent distance.

And so Conky Ryder had built a shack on the island where he could loaf and lead the





simple life and entertain his friends. The significance of the party was perfectly clear. After stealing and hiding the pageant flotilla they had also secluded themselves. It saved them the bother of answering awkward questions in Wingfield.

At first pugnacious Joe Runnels was for attacking the island and carrying it by storm. He was too angry to reckon the odds. The thought was foolish, as he presently realized. "But look at 'em all laughing at us!" he stormed.

The Ryder clan did indeed seem to be in a pleasant humor. It was Conky himself who called out: "Hullo, you Joe Runnels. Come on up and eat some clams. Bring your friends. Introduce us to the big guy."

In response to the friendly invitation Joe hurled back a volley of insults, winding up with a personal challenge to Conky to meet him on the beach and fight it out as man to man. That moved Conky to hearty laughter in which his clansmen joined. They could afford to be facetious, for they knew why the motor dory had been frantically chasing round the bay.

"Lost anything, Joe?" Conky taunted him. "Want us to help you find it? Maybe Sid is still lookin' for the fox he said I stole from his trap last winter."

Hamilton Bruce was an experienced man of the world, but this situation baffled him. In fiction, as he wrote it, some way was always found to get the better of a rascal. The plots of his stories were said to be ingenious. But he could think of no scheme for bringing the lawless, impudent Conky Ryder to terms. Bribery might do it, but self-respect forbade any bribery. The fate of the Wingfield Pageant seemed to hang in the balance.

Sidney Torr decided that something or other simply had to be done. This was one of his inspired moments. His amazed companions heard him reply to the enemy: "Did I hear you say steamed clams, Conky? Thanks! We're hungry enough to ruin a bushel of 'em. We'll join your party in a jiffy."

Joe protested indignantly. No flag of truce for him! With keener insight, Hamilton Bruce perceived that Sidney had chosen the wiser course. They beached the boat and scrambled up the ledges. Conky's uncle was fishing potatoes out of the seaweed. A coffee-pot simmered upon the heated stones. Conky's step-father needed a shave and a new pair of trousers, but he was a master hand at making biscuits in a sheet-iron oven.

Mr. Bruce sniffed wistfully. Joe Runnels felt hollow down to his heels, but he was still resolved to accept no favors from Conky Ryder or his kin. He nudged Sidney. "Now show us how you propose to get away with it," he whispered. "You think you've started something. Expect me to finish it, do you?"

"Not this time, Joe, old man, if you can act like a gentleman and accept Conky's hospitality."

Grudgingly Joe consented. Starving men have been known to lay aside their scruples before. It was for Sidney to save the dignity of the occasion. Hamilton Bruce sat with a tin pan full of clams between his knees and wondered what would happen next. His manner was urbane and sociable. He chatted with Conky Ryder and the two brothers, meanwhile keeping one eye on the inspired Sidney. The outdoor meal went on in a leisurely fashion. It could not help softening animosities. After munching several biscuits smeared with apple butter Sidney sighed contentedly and exclaimed:

"Conky, if I can get up I shall move a risin' vote of thanks. By the way, we thought we might find you down here somewheres. You weren't to be found in the village."

Conky winked at his brothers, who tried to hide their grins. Sir Torr, they reflected, thought he was cute in leading up to it instead of accusing them outright. They intended to fool him. But Sidney had no thought of mentioning lost canoes and boats. With an air of apology he went on to say:

"A mistake was made in not asking you and your people to take part in the pageant, Conky. Joe and I are really to blame, because Mr. Bruce was new to the town. But you know how you are, Conky—a chip on your shoulder and your jaw stuck out most of the time. And you Ryders never do mix in town affairs except on election day."

That shot evoked a succession of haws from the Ryder clan. The political



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downfall of David Torr was a recent memory. Sidney's frank remark affected them curiously. You could read the change in their lean, weather-roughened faces. The spirit of sullen, vicious mockery was fading. "It ain't your fault, Sid," Conky said. "Nobody ever did ask us Ryders to draw cards in anything. I guess they put us on the black list and let it go at that."

"Well, about this pageant," said Sidney, with an air quite confidential, "we'll have to ask you to excuse the oversight. The Ryders are an old family of course, though they have sort of played in hard luck. There was a Jonas Ryder scalped by the Indians—scalped every bit as dead as the Torrs and the Runnels. And I think there was a Ryder that earned a wooden leg at Bunker Hill."

"Now I know how Conky come to have a wooden head," exclaimed his elder brother. "Go to it, Sid. You're doin' fine."

"Well, what I was about to say is it's never too late to mend, and so forth," nervously continued Sidney. "We need more Indians in the pageant, reliable Indians. The costumes have been ordered. All you have to furnish is the war whoops."

Conky had a question to ask. "When we begin to slay the innocent white settlers, can we pick out our victims? I've got a little list of my own."

"Not too realistic, Conky. Do you know, we couldn't find five snappier Indians if we hunted a month! Isn't that so, Mr. Bruce?"

"Splendid! We can't get along without them. In war paint they'll spread terror through the settlement. If I had only known sooner—"

"Oh, they won't need near as much rehearsing as the college students; I shouldn't be surprised if they could prance on impromptu. Well, Conky, you've taken a lot of worry off our minds."

"We'll have to go you, Sid. It will please some of the other Ryders that plan to come back to the show, folks that ain't run to seed same as us."

The brothers, the uncle and the ragged stepfather talked among themselves; then appeared to be highly gratified.

"The Indians," remarked Sidney in a casual way, "can't get across the river to make the attack unless they have canoes, Conky. Ours got away from the landing somehow. There was an extra high tide last night. Maybe they floated off. And there will be another party of settlers for you to open fire on. They'll be coming up the river in boats. Er—we had boats enough, but I guess Joe was careless when he tied 'em up last night. If you happen to see any adrift or grounded along the shore, will you bring 'em up the river when you come?"

"Sure thing, Sid," answered Conky. "I shouldn't wonder if we could find 'em for you. Seems to me I saw some canoes stranded in the marsh. We'll do our best to get 'em up to the village for

your rehearsal tomorrow. Sorry you had to lose a day."

"It's worth it," said Sidney, "to round up five first-class Indians."

"We appreciate your invitin' us, Sid, after I hung a black eye on you last winter."

With the utmost good feeling the Ryder clansmen followed their guests to the beach. Joe Runnels started the engine. Sidney's brilliant strategy had so impressed him that he could find nothing to say.

"Have you ever thought of a career in the diplomatic service, Sidney, my boy?" Hamilton Bruce asked as the dory moved toward Wingfield. "If so, my influence will be at your command."

"Much obliged, Mr. Bruce. I'll consider it. Anyhow, there's one thing learned. A soft answer does turn away wrath."

When Joe Runnels went to the river landing next morning the canoes were ranged in a row on the grass, and the boats were all tied in the cove. The rehearsal in the afternoon was enlivened by the presence of Conky Ryder and his tribe. They brought their own bows and arrows and displayed their prowess at archery. From across the river they sent flights of arrows that rattled against the logs of the settlers' huts. The effect was spirited, but the other actors objected. Frank Creecy hid behind a tree after an arrow had whisked his hat from his head. As he said, there was no sense in killing off the pioneers until the day of the show.

"This is just to show you we can deliver the goods," explained the zealous Conky. "We don't intend to be no dummy Indians. But you can tell the folks they needn't duck. We'll be careful not to spoil any of 'em. Ain't this our pageant? I'll say so!"

It was almost as sensational when Mrs. David Torr appeared at the landing and asked to be given a part in the performance. To her friends she explained that she knew how to dip tallow candles and would supply the kettle, the wicks and the frame to string them on. Out of regard for David's feelings she had held back until now, but with all the other women in town in the pageant, she felt too lonesome and forsaken for words! Strange as it might seem, David had made so little fuss about it that she was afraid he was feeling poorly.

Sidney knew better than that, or thought he did. His father had been terribly shaken by the interview with Capt. John Crommett, whose tirade had fairly battered him into submission. He had stubbornly withstood the opposition of the town, but the disapproval of his closest friend had broken his will. He had ceased to thwart Sidney. That was the first token of surrender. But he could not yield so far as to make public avowal that he had been wrong and stupid in his attitude toward the pageant.

Sidney felt bolder when he saw his mother assert her own independence. His success as a

diplomat caused him to attempt a task more difficult than taming Conky Ryder. When he found his father alone he dared to speak out.

"Mother liked her first rehearsal," he said. "I never saw her so pleased over anything. There she was, all set to dip candles and everything, precisely like the original Abigail Chester that she was named after. Isn't that a historical coincidence? And she will be rocking the same old cradle hollowed out of a log when the yells of the blood-curdling Indians are heard."

David Torr grunted and laid down his newspaper. He was willing to listen. That was immensely encouraging.

"I told your mother I wouldn't forbid it," he remarked in his slow way. "Any chance of its turning out a success? Expect a big crowd? Admission free, I presume. Where does your money come from?"

"Frank Creecy looks for several thousand people. The souvenir programme will sell like hot cakes. Good money in that! It's a dandy. Mr. Bruce wrote it. And it has the names of everybody in the pageant. It has to go to the printer tomorrow. I tell you, father, this illustrated souvenir will be a wonderful relic for our posterity to keep after you and I are dead and gone. It does seem queer to have 'em all in there but the Torrs. Of course I don't count, and mother was a Chester."

That was a novel aspect of the affair. It visibly impressed David Torr, for so many years the leading citizen of Wingfield. For the first time he realized that the advice not to cut off your own nose to spite your face might possibly apply to him. He was an exceedingly lonesome minority. Capt. John Crommett had expressed it in phrases far less diplomatic.

"Huh! No better blood in Wingfield than the Torrs, Sidney, and never was. Do you mean it makes you feel in anyways small to have me left out of the programme?"

"Yes, it does. You see, there's a part in the pageant that really belongs to you. It's the Puritan soldier in charge of the sentries. He wears a steel breastplate and helmet. It needs a rugged, stern man with force of character. And our first ancestor in Wingfield was Ensign Matthew Torr, who held down that very job."

"Who is taking that part now, Sidney?" demanded his father with signs of kindling interest.

"Wesley Bunker. He was the best we could do. It makes Mr. Bruce fidgety to look at him."

"That big lump of putty!" exploded the descendant of the valorous Puritan soldier. "He won't do, Sidney. There is something owed to the stock I sprung from. It's my duty to set my own private opinions aside. You see to it that my name goes on that programme. The idea of masqueradin' Wesley Bunker as Ensign Matthew Torr!"

David Torr resumed his painstaking perusal of the newspaper while his jubilant son stole into the hall and there did the dance of the Indian braves. The feud was healed, the hatchet buried. A far greater thing than the pageant was knowing that the Torr household was no longer disunited.

The next momentous event was the dress rehearsal. Frightful words, those! Months afterward Hamilton Bruce could not hear them spoken without tremors of poignant emotion. A previous acquaintance with amateur theatricals had led him to expect confusion indeed, but not chaos. This production might be short on art, but it was long on system—so at least he had assured his long-suffering wife. Much precious time was lost while his performers arrayed themselves in strange and picturesque costumes, using near-by barns as dressing rooms. Then they found so much diversion in admiring or ridiculing one another that they made a holiday lark of it. Meanwhile the tide waited for no man.

Word came from the college that twenty-odd Indians had been put to the torture of final examinations and could not escape until late in the afternoon. The Puritan pastor, who took a prominent part, had been summoned to conduct a funeral on the Newmarket road. David Torr, melting in a quilted jacket and steel armor, was as gloomy as any of his ancestors. His misgivings returned; he let it be known that the pageant was sure to be a "fizzle," as he had told them all along.

Fickle June weather furnished the disastrous climax of the afternoon. The bright skies clouded suddenly. There was a mutter





of thunder. Concealed beyond Nigger Point, the boats of the pioneer pilgrims awaited Joe Runnel's signal to ascend the river and join their friends who had founded the settlement at the landing. At the right moment Joe waved his signal flag from the hilltop. Slowly the burdened flotilla moved. There was a distant vision of steeple-crowned hats and flashing oars, of women and children quaintly attired, of boats

freighted with furniture and implements. They were well out in the river when the gathering thunder storm broke in a furious squall of wind and rain. It lashed the water into tumbling whitecaps. The boats could make no headway against it. Deep-laden, two or three of them began to fill. The pageant turned into a nautical drama of which the theme was "Save the women and children first." The Indians turned merciful

and sped to the rescue in canoes. It was a thrilling episode, but not according to schedule. When the squall had passed and the sun came out again it was too late in the day to remobilize the demoralized flotilla.

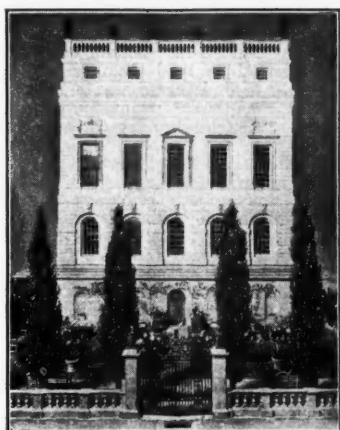
In those adverse circumstances Hamilton Bruce was unable to fit the several parts of the pageant together. He was thoroughly discouraged.

"Such an afternoon would make a mad-

house seem perfectly lucid," he pensively remarked to Frank Creecy. "I suppose you realize that we haven't yet put the thing together to make it dovetail as it should. Too complicated! That's where I was a greenhorn. And tomorrow is the fatal day. Literally the Wingfield Pageant will be presented for the first time. Goodness knows it has never been done in rehearsal!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE *By James F. Muirhead*



The garden front



HE immediate and very charming precursor of the Queen's Dolls' House that you may see at the Empire Exhibition in England was Titania's Palace, designed and largely executed by Sir Nevile Wilkinson, Ulster King-at-Arms, and constructed in Dublin.

This originated in a miniature reredos, begun by Sir Nevile twenty years ago, but not completed until quite recently. It is decorated most elaborately and contains an infinity of exquisite little works of art. Perhaps the most striking rooms are the Hall of the Guilds and the Chapel, the latter having no counterpart in the Queen's Dolls' House. The presiding genius is "Her Irrescible Titania"; and under her beneficent sway it has already attracted great numbers of visitors and collected a considerable sum for the crippled children she has taken under her wing. This house, which is rather larger than the Queen's Dolls' House, is also constructed on a scale of one inch to the foot; but Sir Nevile now thinks this too small and that for a permanent record of this nature the scale should be one and a half or two inches.

The first impression produced by the Queen's Dolls' House at Wembley—and I believe it would also be the permanent and last one—is that of spaciousness and stately beauty. We are not looking at a toy or a model. We have before us an epitome of British domestic art, a realization of the best traditional English architecture of the Renaissance period. The impression is that produced by any great work of art on a sensitive beholder. No doubt this is primarily owing to the exquisite proportion and scale, but there is more than that; there are the rhythm, the atmosphere, the intangible something, that also inheres in a Greek temple or a masterpiece of Michelangelo.

The grand staircase



It is easy to imagine that long familiarity with this Lilliputian palace might make anyone try, in a moment of inadvertence, to step into it. A similar contrast between minuteness of scale and width of result may be seen in the paintings of Meissonier, where the size of the canvas in no way impairs the bigness of the conception. This sense of space is most emphatically present in the hall, with its curving marble staircase, its graceful iron-work balustrades and its unique mural decorations by Mr. William Nicholson. Wholly oblivious of actual dimension, the spectator is easily led to rank it among the great staircases of the world, such as that in the Palazzo Durazzo-Pallavicini at Genoa, the Escalera Dorada at Burgos, the Queen's Staircase at Hampton Court Palace, the grand staircase of the Paris Opera House. Another notable first impression is the satisfying beauty of color of this ivory-white mansion, with its delicately tinted, low-pitched slate roofs. The effect is enhanced by the skillful use of shimmering purple hangings in the room in which the house is exhibited.

The idea of the Dolls' House was due to Queen Mary of England, and it has been carried out by seventeen hundred artists and craftsmen working for two years under the direction of Princess Louise and Sir Edwin Lutyens, creator of the Cenotaph at Westminster. It is five feet high, five feet wide and eight feet long. No doubt a house with such a magnificent hall and such spacious public rooms would require more bedrooms than the Dolls' House contains, but those can be easily imagined as occupying an invisible ell or wing. It was enough to give examples of the rooms of the chatelain and chatelaine, their children and their household staff. By an ingenious arrangement the whole of the outer shell of the building lifts, so that every room can be seen in its entirety from the platforms of graduated height provided for the use of visitors.

When the reader is informed that a simple inventory of the contents of the Palace fills four and a half columns of nonpareil type in the Morning Post—say roughly twelve thousand words—he will not expect to have a full or detailed description of them here. It is enough to say that everything that would naturally find a place in a house of this class seems to have been thought of. It would be perfectly safe for Sir Edwin Lutyens to offer a handsome prize to anyone who could point out an inexplicable or unpremeditated gap. The few items mentioned below must be taken as a very small sample of a very large whole. Everything has been made on a scale of one inch to the foot, and it is astonishing how satisfactorily it works out. Virtually nothing looks either too large or too small. A very captious critic might say that the hairbrush lying bristles down on the Queen's toilet table looks just a shade too large for the other contents of the room. And the envious bibliophile might feel that even a king could hardly own a library consisting almost wholly of tall and often corpulent folios. We may be thankful that no attempt is made to show the "Dollomites," or imaginary occupants of the house, for it seems impossible to make miniature human figures look real. We could even dispense with the sentries posted outside. But everything else looks just as it should look. The two-and-a-half-inch tables look like two-and-a-half-foot tables; the almost invisible book of stamps is perfectly natural; the miniature automobiles in the garage,—where the inspection pit has not been forgotten,—the towels in the linen room, the snail, the fairy ring and the dead leaves in the garden; the golf clubs and tennis rackets; the chess-

men, the thermometers, the plate rack, the mousetrap, the cruets, the bottles, the vacuum cleaner and the cakes of soap; the lamps, the glass and china, the knives and forks, the beds, the chairs, the eight-day clock, the pianoforte—everything looks so nearly as it should look that it is only by an effort we can remember that the objects are all in miniature, and that we have a right to enjoy them for their smallness as well as for their air of reality.

More important than the manual dexterity shown in the Lilliputian reproduction of Brobdingnagian objects is the artistic merit of the things in themselves. The delightful mural decorations of Mr. Nicholson in the entrance hall have already been mentioned. In addition the ceilings of the more important rooms are decorated with paintings by Gerald Moira (dining room), Charles Sims (saloon), William Walcott (library), Glyn



silk and shagreen in the most exquisite tints; the Chinese decoration of the Queen's sitting room. The furniture illustrates not only the classic periods but also the best results of modern workmanship.

The library is of special interest. Most of its handsome little vellum or leather-bound volumes contain original works, specially written for the Dolls' House, generally by the authors themselves. The Whole Duty of Dolls by Mr. E. V. Lucas may be taken as an introduction to the series. The titles of many others are captivating. Who of us would not like to dip into Sir James Barrie's Autobiography, or How Watson Learned the Trick by Sir Conan Doyle, or R. L. S. in a Nutshell by Sir Sidney Colvin, or Poems by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, illustrated by the author



The dining room that gives the impression of great size

Philpot (Queen's bedroom), George Plank (King's bedroom), Anning Bell (Queen's wardrobe), De Glehn (King's wardrobe), Greiffenhagen (Queen's bathroom; mermaids) and Laurence Irving (King's bathroom). These paintings, which are one of the most beautiful features of the house, are also one of the most tantalizing for the visitor to Wembley, since the admirable platform arrangements for viewing the rooms do not afford a good opportunity to see the ceilings. You long to be able to lay the back of your Gulliverian head on the carpet and look up! On the walls hang paintings by artists like Orpen, D. Y. Cameron, Llewellyn, Lavery, Dulac, Cope, Munnings, Ambrose McEvoy, Adrian Stokes and many more. Some of them are copies of well-known royal portraits and other pictures; some are wholly original. It is difficult to say which give the greater pleasure, the miniature reproduction of old favorites or the appropriate handling of new subjects. The sculptor's art is represented by the parapet figures of Sir George Frampton; the charming bronze statue of Venus by Mr. Derwent Wood at the foot of the grand staircase; the bust of Edward VII by Sir W. Goscombe John; the woodcarvings of Mr. Eric Broadbent; Mr. Haseltine's model of a shire horse; the marble mantelpieces, and so forth. Other forms of art are illustrated by the regalia in the strong room—the silverware; the elaborate lantern in the hall (which took Mr. and Mrs. Starkie Gardner nine months to make); the marble, lapis lazuli, alabaster and mother-of-pearl panelling and flooring; the Turkish and other carpets; the hangings of

or Belinda the Bold by Mr. Owen Wister, or the Elves' Library by Mrs. Edith Wharton? Other writers represented are Mr. Asquith, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Binyon, Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Conrad, Mr. Drinkwater, Mr. Walter de la Mare, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Sir Anthony Hope, Mr. W. J. Locke and Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson. The little album with signatures of eminent statesmen, soldiers, sailors, actors and actresses is also interesting. But if I were allowed to carry off one and only one of the books, I think I should choose that containing the twelve favorite lyrics of Mr. Thomas Hardy. The signature alone is in Hardy's own incomparable handwriting, almost miraculous as coming from an octogenarian pen.

On the writing table we note the King's dispatch box, stationery of all kinds, a check book, Who's Who, Whitaker's Almanack and the A. B. C. and Bradshaw railway guides. We miss copies of the now somewhat heterodox Baedeker or of the more orthodox Blue Guide. In the safe is an insurance policy for five thousand pounds. Two cabinets contain a collection of seven hundred water colors, drawings and prints by artists of the British Empire, including representatives of the Dominions, such as Mr. Arthur Streeton.

The day nursery was designed and equipped by some one who thoroughly understood the tastes of children. The fairy tale wall decorations by Mr. Edmund Dulac are just what they should be. The toys include rocking horses, tin soldiers, Noah's arks, skipping ropes, railway trains, horses and





shays and paint boxes. There is a high chair for the baby and a Peter Pan theatre for children of larger growth. And of course there is a dolls' house, just as in Mr. Simmons's wonderful marionette performances we see miniature marionettes posturing for the larger ones who posture for us. And emergencies are provided for in the shape of biscuits, crackers, chocolates and other sweets.

Everything in the house that should work does work. The elevators run up and down; the electric light can be turned on and off; water circulates through the pipes; the drains can be flushed; the doors can be locked; the gramophones have real records; the pianoforte could be played by any fingers sufficiently tiny and can be played with a pin; the motor cars and motor bicycles run by their own power; the knife cleaner cleans, the coffee grinder grinds, the mincing machine minces.

I am assured that the little dog in the garden does not bark and that the plants do not grow, but I find that very hard to believe, and when I revisit the Wembley Exhibition I shall certainly go to see whether the lovely flowers are not a little more fully blown. And slow as his natural progress is, I certainly expect to see that snail at the other end of the path! If that hasn't happened, I shall be inclined to think the keepers of the Dolls' House don't know their business!

It is terribly difficult to get away from that fascinating inventory. I see that I have not mentioned the porter's chair and the visitors' book in the hall; the model of the Royal George in the library; the copies of the Times, Punch and Field; the King's walking sticks and the Queen's umbrellas; the medicine chest; the dainty shoes; the miniature toilet set in ivory with a tooth comb measuring one half inch by one fourth inch and a puffbox one half inch high with a screw top. The Lord's Prayer on a three-penny bit is quite out of date; the Dolls' House possesses it repeated six times within that space! Beneath the mattress of the Princess Royal's bed is a real pea, though how it was grown so small is another matter.

It seems a charming combination of loyalty and democracy that the same photograph of the King is to be found on the Queen's toilet table and in the rooms of the housekeeper and first housemaid. The service bedrooms, by the way, are most comfortably equipped and should afford a useful lesson to the owners of many large mansions where anything is considered "good enough for the help." We wonder whether the editor of a popular London daily would find any suggestion as to the proper sphere of his sheet in the fact that it has just been negligently thrown down on the kitchen table. Sufferers from insomnia may be inclined to pity the poor Queen, whose bedroom is sandwiched between the kitchen below and the

tury or more hence this "toy" will probably be one of the very best existing documents for a resuscitation of the early twentieth century. Our great-great-grandson as he looks at the Dolls' House will have the assurance that he is gazing at the best in every field that twentieth century England could produce. He will have before him, not the work of the ambitious cabinet maker or the dilettante madam, but the best work in miniature of the best brains and cleverest fingers in England: the best writers, the best painters, the best car manufacturers, the best soap makers, the best mechanics. He will see just where we had arrived in taste, in household economics, in the adaptation of means to ends. The visitor to Wembley may or may not admire the British standard of art and comfort; but if he fails to appreciate the historical importance of the Dolls' House, if he speaks of his interest in it apologetically or as a slight and transitory affection of a mind habitually occupied with higher themes, he will simply be showing lack of insight and narrowness of sympathy. As the Book of the Queen's Dolls' House says, "It must be regarded, not as an architectural whim or as an elaborate nursery jest, but as a serious synthesis

of the building arts of our generation."



instrument of charity and good will. Every visitor to the Queen's Dolls' House will help the Queen to help the unfortunate. The most bigoted of republicans must admit that the aim of the Dolls' House presupposes a form of monarchy that has nothing in common with the warlike adventurers, the ruthless tyrants or the selfish voluptuaries who have long figured in the simple eyes of the homespun democrat as the typical occupants of royal thrones.

There is little fear that the Queen's Dolls' House will not be appreciated. The prophetic verse of Punch will surely be justified:

Returning home from Wembley  
To where I do not know,  
The bygone kings were trembly  
About that glorious show;  
They praised the big pavilions,  
But one and all confessed—  
And so will several millions—  
They liked the Dolls' House best.

## TREASURE SWAMP

Chapter Two  
An empty cash box

By Frank Lillie Pollock



AFTER Dick and Kenneth had eaten a hot breakfast they cheered up somewhat and decided that their situation was not so alarming as they had supposed. Norman Harwood, they reasoned, must have gone off somewhere by way of the river, prospecting perhaps, and might be away a day or two, but he was bound to return. The only alternative seemed to be the ugly one that he either had met with an accident or was lost in the woods, though he was such an experienced woodsman they could hardly believe he was lost.

Nevertheless, after breakfast the boys set out to reconnoitre the place and search thoroughly. It was almost impossible, they found, to penetrate the surrounding woods, which consisted of a wild tangle of standing and fallen small timber overgrown with moss; moreover, the ground was frequently wet and marshy under foot, and the mosquitoes boiled out in such myriads that they fairly drove the boys back. They circled the edge of the woods, shouted, fired the guns and looked for tracks till they came down to the river landing; there Kenneth made a startling discovery. Poking about in a cedar thicket, he found an old and well-worn canoe snugly laid away upside down in concealment, with her paddles beneath her.

"Uncle Norman's canoe!" exclaimed Dick, staring.

"That gives us a chance to get out if we need to," said Kenneth. "Yes, but—but, Ken, how has he gone out? He never went afoot anywhere through these woods!"

The boys looked at the canoe in silence. It was with heavier hearts that they struggled a few yards up the shore, turned back, went round the clearing again to the dam and the little pond and again stopped at the workshop. Dick looked curiously at the queer, rough machinery. The water in the sluice was rippling under the floor, and he pulled up the lever that released the water wheel. The little saw moved, gathered speed and hummed on its mandrel. Beneath it was a heap of dark brown sawdust. Mounted to turn on an axis, a big cylinder of sheet iron with an end open occupied the middle of the floor. Near it was a sort of screw press with a piston that fitted into an iron tube. Both pieces of machinery were heavily coated with a thick, brownish

powder. There was a peculiar tarry odor in the shop, not unlike that of smoke from soft coal.

Dick sniffed thoughtfully. "What was Uncle Norman trying to do? I've a notion that, if we could find out, it might help us to guess why he isn't here now. All this has taken a lot of labor and expense. Think what it must have cost to freight all this metal up here! And it's no sort of mining machinery that I ever heard of."

After a final look over the workshop they walked down to cross the marshy flat, which proved to be not so marshy as it looked. The ground was everywhere firm under the thick sphagnum moss, and in places the moss had been cleared away to lay bare the black, mucky soil. At random here and there were fifteen or twenty of the deep trenches with great piles of earth and fragments of wood beside them. Many whole tree trunks had been removed, certainly with much labor. Dick probed eagerly into the trenches with a pole; there was nothing but mud and usually a foot of dark water. The pieces of timber that had been disinterred were almost as black as ink; some of them were still spongy and damp, and others were dry and intensely tough and hard, resembling bone or ivory more than wood.

"Why he dug these holes is a mystery to me," said Dick. "He must have had some idea—he's no fool. But I can't see any

possibility of any sort of mineral deposit here."

"Oil!" Kenneth suggested; but his brother laughed.

"Less chance of that than anything."

The creek in its windings looped away toward the other side of the flat at that point. The other shore looked soft and muddy, but it supported scattered tufts of grass. Kenneth leaped incautiously over the four feet of water. The grassy tufts gave way unexpectedly under him, and with a surprised yell he plunged knee-deep into the muck. Laughing, he lunged forward to extricate himself, but to his dismay he found himself going deeper; he could feel, no bottom!

"Dick! Help! I'm going!" he gasped.

But at the risk of being bogged himself Dick had already splashed into the shallow creek and extended his shotgun at arm's length. Kenneth grasped the muzzle. For perhaps ten seconds there was a dogged tug-of-war; then the snaring mud gave way, and Dick pulled his brother through the creek.

"Gracious! That's an awful place!" Kenneth gasped, dropping on the solid ground. "I don't believe there's any bottom to it. I could feel it boiling up round my feet as cold as ice!"

As a matter of fact Dick sounded the slough with a nine-foot pole and could not touch solid bottom. It was indeed a perilous place, and they decided to give that part of the creek bed a wide berth.

"Say, you don't suppose Uncle Norman could have fallen in there?" Kenneth suggested in alarm. "It would swallow a man right up."

Dick shook his head. Their uncle, he said, must have been familiar with the creek after living beside it for two years.

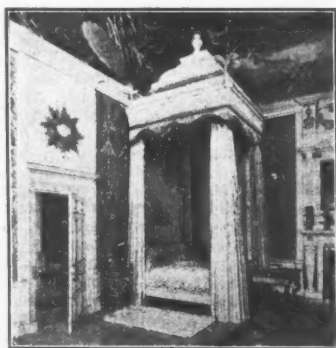
Kenneth was considerably shaken in nerve by his adventure, brief as it had been. For some time he sat in the sun, scraping the mud from his clothes, while Dick prospected the rest of the bog, looking into the excavations and examining the ancient logs that had been dug out.

Afterwards the boys went back to the mill and crossed the creek on the dam. The woods on the other side of the stream were as impenetrable as the rest. Peering into the thickets, Kenneth sighted a partridge sitting on a fallen log and promptly shot it. It was not the hunting season, but they would have to save their supplies if they were to stay long in the place. At the head of the little pond they started three ducks and heard the roaring flight of several more partridges behind the screen of dense cedar. There was fur too, for they saw muskrat houses all along the shore of the pond and also several mink trails. If Uncle Norman had been a trapper, they could have understood why he had settled there, but he had never been interested in anything except mining.

Dick bagged another partridge on their way back, and as soon as they reached the cabin Kenneth set to work to pluck and

Kenneth grasped the muzzle

DRAWINGS BY HAROLD SICHEL



The Queen's bed

day nursery above. But in so admirably equipped a modern house we may assume that the sound-proof devices are absolutely perfect. Or we may remember that after all this wonderful creation is but an epitome or condensation, and that the arrangement of the rooms need not be regarded as iron clad.

We all have a childlike streak in us that delights in the miniature reproduction of things that are big. And perhaps the great charm of the Dolls' House lies in the fact that the satisfaction of that instinct is accomplished and accompanied, not by the grotesque and the rude and the inchoate, but by exquisite beauty and truthfulness. And that fact also contributes materially to its historical importance. Just as a gramophone record of Shakespeare's voice would be of enormous interest to us today, so a cen-





dress the birds; then he made a batch of camp bread. Meanwhile Dick continued to explore the ground and discovered a tiny spring of good water just behind the cabin. "But where's his woodpile?" he said to himself.

Not far from the spring was a small heap of rough cedar and some scattered chips where wood had been chopped, but Dick could find no sign of the mighty woodpile that is necessary to a northern homestead. Indeed hardwood fit for winter fires was scarce in that region. The only explanation seemed to be that their uncle had burned up every stick and had cut no more, but the circumstance appeared decidedly strange.

After dinner Dick began a careful search of the interior of the cabin in the hope of getting some light on the two problems—what Norman Harwood had been doing there and what had become of him. The cabin had few secrets. The pockets of the heavy winter garments that hung on the walls were empty. The cupboard held nothing that they had not already seen. Dick examined the mass of papers in the drawer of the writing table; they were almost illegible pencil notes and memoranda, crude drawings apparently of machines and a few dated records of some events in so abbreviated a style that Dick after much study had to admit that he could make nothing of them. There seemed to be no likely hiding places in the little house, though when he went to the length of taking out all the moss from the bunk he unearthed a tin cash box, unlocked and empty—a discovery that might or might not bear a sinister interpretation. He looked carefully over the shelf of books, running through the leaves of each. There was a Bible, a copy of Lamb's Essays and a volume or two of Scott, but most of the books related to mining or mineralogy, and two or three of them were in French or in German. It was the kind of literature that he might have expected to find, and there were no apparent clues in it.

Dick puzzled over the papers and books all that afternoon, silent and thoughtful. Twice he went out to the workshop again and prowled abstractedly about the flat marsh, poking again into the muddy "prospect holes." He was silent and thoughtful all that evening too, and Kenneth buried himself in the Antiquary.

It rained that night, a warm drizzle, and the next morning dawned clear and hot and steamy. Kenneth announced that he was going to fish, and, having found an odd piece of mosquito netting, he arranged it like a veil on the brim of his hat and started toward the river. Dick did not offer to accompany him.

Kenneth came back before noon; he had had poor luck, and the flies had bitten him fearfully on the hands and wrists. He was surprised to see dark smoke pouring from the cabin chimney. At the door he recoiled. The stove was almost red hot; the room was like a furnace and full of a peculiar tarry odor slightly like that of the smoke from soft coal. Apparently unconscious of the fierce heat, Dick was sitting at the table, surrounded with a litter of open books and papers.

"What on earth—" Kenneth began. His brother looked up, startled and streaming with perspiration; then he jumped up with a shout.

"Hurrah! Ken, I've found it!" "Found what? Are you trying to burn down the shack?" Kenneth gasped, backing away into the open air.

"It is pretty hot, isn't it? That's what I've discovered. Just look here!"

He dragged his brother to the stove and opened it. It was full of lumps of some substance that burned with a fierce heat and a pale yellowish flicker.

"What—coal?" exclaimed Kenneth.

"No, but the next thing to it. Look!" And he pointed to a wooden box on the floor half full of dark brown, cylindrical objects two or three inches long and as thick as his wrist, many of which were broken. They looked much like cylinders of dark, unglazed pottery.

"Not coal, but peat! This stuff is pressed peat—peat briquettes—prepared fuel. That's why there was no woodpile. This flat is a peat bog, a peat mine! That's what Uncle Norman's been working at."

Kenneth picked up one of the brown lumps. It was smooth, had evidently been made in a press and gave out the rather

pleasant, tarry odor that they had noticed about the workshop.

"Let's get outdoors till she cools off," continued Dick. "A sort of suspicion of this came to me last night while I was awake. I found a lot of stuff about peat fuel among these books and reports,—there's one whole German book on the subject,—and all those pages were finger-marked a good deal. I studied the machinery again this morning and looked at those blocks of mud cut out of the bog, and at last I came upon this box of briquettes in a corner of the workshop. I tried them in the stove right away."

"You've certainly found something hot," said Kenneth, still puzzled. "What is peat anyway? I thought it was what they burn in Ireland. Didn't know there was any in this country. Do you mean to say this whole swamp is solid peat? Useful for the winter, but how is it profitable?"

"I see you don't know anything about peat," replied Dick, grinning. "I had to learn a little about it in my last year's work, and I've learned a great deal more from these books here. Uncle Norman has a regular collection of works on the subject. I ought to have noticed that at the first glance. You see, peat is vegetable matter on the way to become coal. This bog might be coal in a hundred thousand years more."

Peat bogs are quite common in America, but no one has ever used them much; coal and wood have always been handier. But in Europe it's different, and so it soon will be here. Most of what's used in Europe is raw peat—just the blocks cut out with a spade and dried in the sun. It burns well enough, but it can be used only for local consumption, for it crumbles and won't stand shipping. Right there is the vital point.

"We'd have to ship this a long way to get it to a market," said Kenneth.

"That's what Uncle Norman realized, and he's been trying to find a process of compressing it into blocks, briquettes, fuel hard enough to stand storing and shipping," Dick explained. "Of course it's been tried before. The Canadian government has an experiment station that is working at it, but nobody has quite succeeded in making a briquette that will stand rough handling."

In Germany and Sweden they make a good deal of machine peat, as they call it, and it's used in the smelters and foundries in place of coal, but they don't have to ship it far. Now in this country it would have to be capable of shipment for hundreds of miles and of standing all sorts of weather. But if we once succeeded—whew! We'd have something better than a coal mine! Peat is all on the surface and only needs to be shovelled up. I believe this bog is solid peat at least six feet deep. There must be a million tons anyway."

"But away up here in this remote place!" Kenneth objected.

"Remote? Why, we're right on the edge of the big mining country. Trainloads of coal and coke are shipped up there every year for the furnaces and smelters, hauled a thousand miles maybe. Look at the market we'd have! And here we are right on this deep river without a rapid in it where barges could float the stuff down to the railway at almost no expense."

"So that's what Uncle Norman has been figuring out!" murmured Kenneth, bewildered at the dazzling vision.

"You can bet it was! I knew it must be something big that kept him here two years, and I'll bet too that he never prospected a gold streak that was half so promising."

"And he's really discovered a process for making hard briquettes?"

"Well, not exactly yet. His briquettes will break with rough handling."

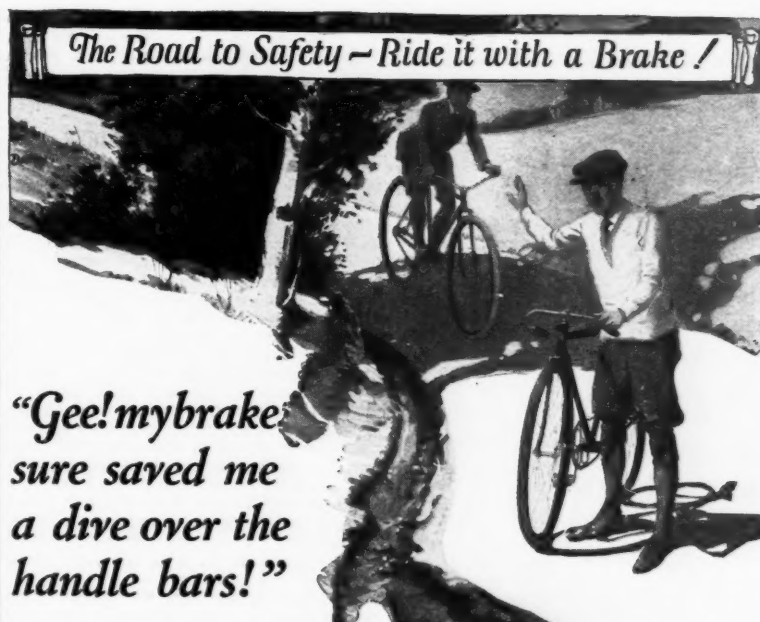
"Oh!" exclaimed Kenneth, disappointed.

"But he hadn't finished his experiments," Dick continued. "He was still at work, and I believe he's gone farther than most experimenters as it is. If he were only here now! I've had some training in chemistry, you know, and I'm certain we could work it out together. Anyway I see the lines he's been working on, and I'm going ahead myself. I may hit the bull's-eye before he turns up again."

"But suppose," suggested Kenneth, "that he doesn't turn up?"

"Then—but he will if he's alive. He wouldn't desert his work like this. Meanwhile we'll hold the place down for him."

TO BE CONTINUED.



"If I'd ever hit that rut at top speed, I would have taken some spill!"

"Ya got to hand it to the New Departure coaster brake. Always there in a pinch. It stopped me in a jiffy—without a jolt, either."

"The fellow without a New Departure is taking chances. No risky bike for mine."

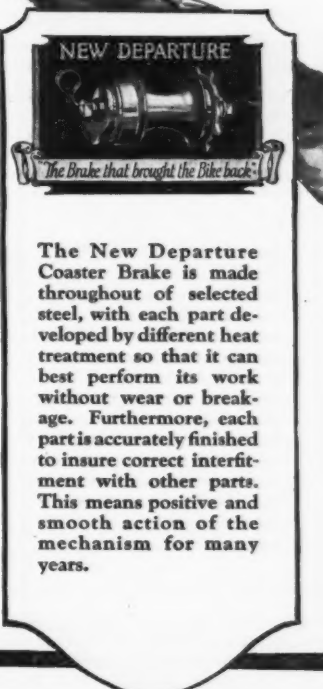
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## SCHOOL DIRECTORY

The School Directory Department of The Youth's Companion will gladly send catalogues or other information to parents about schools or camps listed in this directory.

### BOYS' SCHOOLS

ALLEN-CHALMERS SCHOOL West Newton, Mass.

### MILITARY SCHOOLS

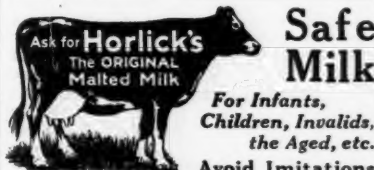
OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE Cincinnati, Ohio

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President Coolidge starting the baseball season at Washington

### FACT AND COMMENT

**STRIVING FOR A THING**, you see only one side of it; possessing it, you see it all.

In Work or Sport, at Grips with Grief or Sin, Pray not for Victory, but for Strength to win.

**LIES ARE LIKE ROCKS** that are submerged at high tide: the ebb exposes them.

**AFTER LONG PROSPECTING** for oil in the Philippines the Standard Oil Company has abandoned its workings. There has been a belief that oil would be found on the Bon-dog Peninsula of the Island of Luzon, but three wells drilled to depths up to five thousand feet failed to show any.

**FOR THE FIRST TIME** Japan is to have a jury system. Heretofore judges appointed by the Emperor have decided all court cases and announced their findings "according to law in the name of the Emperor." Delegates from Japan have recently visited this country and other countries to study the jury system.

**REDUCING TAXICAB FARES** from forty to twenty cents a mile in New York brought a surprise to the owners of the cabs, for they found their revenues increased instead of lessened. In one big company, which had received on the average a return on each cab of \$8.50 a day, the lower rate produced on the average \$11.57 a day. Although the cabs had to go farther, more people hailed them on return trips, so that the amount of dead mileage was greatly reduced.

**FIVE YEARS AGO** Canada asked the British crown not to confer any more titles on Canadian citizens and asked further that hereditary titles already conferred should expire with the present holders. Two years ago South Africa made a similar request, and now Australia expresses the same wish. Decorative titles are seldom popular in a republic; and when, as sometimes happens, the persons honored by them are chosen with little wisdom or discrimination the ordinary citizen looks on them with amused contempt.

**IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE** even with a long growing season to raise two crops of potatoes on the same soil in one year, because new seed potatoes do not sprout and old seed potatoes cannot be kept fit for planting until they are needed for the second crop. But an experimenter in California has discovered that new potatoes cut in the usual way for planting and immersed just before they are planted for half an hour to an hour in a weak solution of nitrate of soda—three and one-half pounds of nitrate to ten gallons of water—will sprout as quickly as old potatoes.

**ONE OF THE STONE TABLETS** discovered in the ruins of the ancient temple at the foot of Mt. Sinai may possibly have been inscribed by the hand of Moses himself. The message, which is in primitive Hebrew, reads: "I am the son of Hatshepsut, overseer of the mine workers of Sinai, chief of the temple of Mana and Jahu [Jehovah] of Sinai. Thou, O Hatshepsut, wast kind to me and drew me out of the water of the Nile; and thou hast placed me over the temple which is on Sinai." It is well-known that Hatshepsut was a great queen

of Egypt who ruled about 1500 B.C. and who opened copper mines on Sinai. The date, moreover, corresponds with that which Jewish tradition assigns to the lifetime of Moses.

☪ ☪

### ARE THERE ANY MORE LIBERALS?

**FIRST** of all it is necessary to define liberalism, and definitions are difficult things. Nevertheless, if we say that liberalism means the free and open state of mind that is glad to discuss, and when it approves to adopt, new ideas and better methods in business, politics and social relations, we shall perhaps not be far wrong. Liberalism also implies a devotion to freedom. It wants to give the individual the greatest possible liberty to shape his own destiny, and it would reduce compulsion or even direction by government to the minimum. The liberal does not wish, as the conservative does, to keep things nearly or quite as they are. He believes in making them better as fast as he can, but, unlike the radical, he does not wish to tear things down all at once. He accepts the general structure of society and wishes to make his changes one at a time and circumspectly. He is the middle-of-the-road man; he represents or tries to represent the golden mean in politics.

The nineteenth century, particularly in its middle decades, was a liberal century. It believed in democracy and encouraged free speech, free thought, free opportunity. Now, before we are very far gone in the twentieth century, we find ourselves asking apprehensively whether there are any great number of liberals left. On a superficial examination the world seems to be dividing into two camps of extremists—those who are sincerely conservative and those who are openly radical.

The "left" is aggressively revolutionary. The communists are swallowing up all the socialists except those who are abandoning the Marxian faith and swinging back to conservatism. In England, where political liberalism had its greatest strength if not its birth, the Liberal party is disorganized and impotent. The Labor party, frankly revolutionary in its aims, though not as yet in its methods, has drawn away many Liberals. The Conservative party offers shelter for many others. There is a remnant left, but political prophets foresee that events will oblige even that remnant to disintegrate.

In the United States there are still millions who pay lip service to liberalism, though most of them have drifted a long way from the liberalism that stood for a government that expressed itself chiefly in local units, and that interfered as little as possible in the affairs of the private citizen. We are living in an age of intrusive government and of a continually increasing pressure of social organizations upon the individual. That pressure is squeezing the liberals right and left, either into the camp of conservatism or into that of radicalism.

But the spirit of liberalism can never be entirely extinguished. There are today, and there always will be, millions of true liberals who, if they are so far outnumbered that they cannot direct the conduct of the world's affairs, may nevertheless be able to seize and hold the balance of power and to keep the extremists of either end of the scale from gaining an undesirable amount of authority. They will keep alive the ideal of liberty during a time when the majority prefer to use government for their own ends and to direct the affairs of everyone according to their own formula. The liberal must wait his time, but, if he is patient, it will come.

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### THE CITIZEN WHO DOES NOT VOTE

**IT** is astonishing to learn how small a proportion of American citizens vote. A publicist of Washington, Mr. Simon Michelet, has taken the pains to collect the necessary statistics. He has found that in the Presidential election of 1920, when the vote should have been particularly large,—as indeed it was,—there were almost as many citizens who shirked the trifling inconvenience of casting a vote as there were citizens who did their duty. To put the matter exactly, for every hundred voters who went to the polls ninety-six stayed at home or at least kept away from the voting booth.

The proportion of stay-at-homes was of course largest in those states where one party has so large a majority that the result is certain in advance. In Pennsylvania, for example, one hundred and thirty-three legal voters failed to cast their ballots for every one hundred who went to the polls. In

Vermont for every one hundred who voted one hundred and twenty stayed away.

In many of the Southern states the stay-at-homes considerably outnumbered the voters. In Kentucky, on the other hand, where the issue was doubtful, four-fifths of the legal voters went to the polls; and in the "east-north-central states," Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, three-fifths of the citizenship voted. Indiana, always a lively state politically, cast three quarters of its possible vote. In the states that lie just west of the Mississippi—Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas—fifty-nine stayed at home for every one hundred who voted; in New England the absentees were to the voters as eighty-two is to one hundred.

Democracy does not mean much unless the men and women who are entitled to take part in choosing the officers and determining the policy of the government do their duty. When nearly half of them refrain from voting it shows that there is an immense amount of indifference; and no democracy in which the people are politically indifferent can be called healthy or strong. The personnel of the government and its policy are fixed by a minority—in 1920 by less than one third of the legally qualified voters; yet in that year the majority of the vote cast was unusually decisive.

There were twenty-five millions of voters who did not go to the polls that year. Supposing they should all vote this year, what would be the result? It would no doubt upset all political predictions. Of course they will not vote, for inertia, ignorance and indifference cannot be easily overcome. But the patriot as well as the politician ought to exert himself to lead as many absentee voters as he can to the voting booth. If we are to be governed by men chosen by the people, at least let the people and not a mere fraction of them take part in the choosing.

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### WOOD PATHS

**THE** automobile leaves little time for wood paths. Most of us move now on broad, straight, dusty or tarry streets in an endless procession of weary humanity, always hurrying to get somewhere, though often with little idea or choice where that somewhere is.

Yet the wood paths have their beauty and their healing restfulness. Strike into one at random and you will find that it holds you with a wandering charm. It is not drawn straight like a boulevard for the one object of mad speed, but turns and twists fantastically at the woodcutter's whim or convenience.

Now it trails along a vast, neglected swamp, and you look out through the thicket at wide sweeps of grasses and reeds swaying in the sunshine. Now it climbs abruptly over some rocky hillside, and you gaze away between the oaks and the ash trees at far spires and towers and lakes gleaming bright in the summer sun. Now it drops down as abruptly into a ferny hollow, all moist and dreamy with close greenness, and at the bottom a little brook finds its creeping, hidden way through emerald moss and lush, enchanting flowers.

And always everywhere there are the woodland voices, which the bustling automobilist never hears. There is the light murmur of the summer breeze, drifting idly through the tree tops. There is the exquisite, incessant, inextricable, quivering music of the unseen insects, haunting every blade and every leaf. And there is the bird song—the veery or the wood thrush, the wayward, wandering chant of the warblers in the high trees, and the two most characteristic notes of the deep wood, the long-drawn wail of the wood pewee and the sharper, brief, sudden call of the ovenbird.

There is nothing like wood paths to make over a weary or a wounded heart.

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### BASEBALL AS "BIG BUSINESS"

**THERE** is food for much philosophical reflection in the eager pursuit of entertainment by the mass of the American people. The two great industries that have grown up since the beginning of the twentieth century—manufacturing automobiles and making motion pictures—both serve, one wholly, and the other largely, the desire of the public for a pleasant way of passing its increased amount of leisure. Think how many millions of dollars have been spent on golf and consider the growth of baseball into a really "big business."

In the far-off, golden age of baseball when it was primarily a form of sport the amount of capital invested in grounds and teams was small. Salaries were modest, and players were admired as athletes but not yet envied as money-makers. The most famous ball-player of the past was "Pop" Anson, who for nearly a quarter of a century was first baseman, field captain and manager of the Chicago team, and much of the time the leading batsman of the country; yet it is said that he never got a salary of more than \$2400. Today a certain player valued chiefly for his ability to knock out home runs is drawing \$52,000 a year; and there are several other ball players or managers who get \$25,000 to \$35,000 a year. Salaries of \$10,000 are common.

In 1896 Wagner, one of the greatest players the game has ever seen, was "purchased" by the Pittsburgh club for \$2100. When the Boston club paid the Chicago club \$10,000 for the release of Kelly the transaction was a nine days' wonder. Today it would take \$50,000 to get from another club any player of the first class or even a player of high promise. "Babe" Ruth was considered to be worth \$125,000 to the New York club, which bought his services from Boston.

It is not unusual for the New York clubs to take in from \$50,000 to \$60,000 at a single game. It costs more than \$5000 a day to keep the New York "Yankees" going. The last "world's series," six games in all, drew gate receipts of more than a million dollars.

It is inevitable that all this jingle of coin should distract our attention somewhat from the game itself as an athletic sport. The players and the club owners are too busy counting up their winnings and planning how to increase them to have much interest in the game as a trial of skill or as a means of recreation. The crowds increase because of the modern man's feverish desire to be amused by some one else; but we observe, or think we observe, a change in the attitude of the "fans." The baseball players were once in the eyes of their admirers heroes or near it. Today they are clever and extremely well-paid professional entertainers. There is a difference and a wide one. The romantic age of baseball is gone. It is now only a way to make money.

☪ ☪

### THE DISTRIBUTION OF SEA FOOD

**M**ANY signs indicate that during the next few years our knowledge of the sea, especially its plant and animal life, will be as much enlarged as our knowledge of distant parts of the land surface of the earth has been extended during the recent past. On land there are few unexplored areas left, but, though oceanography is not a new science, exact information about what goes on under the surface of the ocean is limited; and as improvements in gasoline engines made aerial navigation possible so the recent perfecting of certain instruments, the completion of preliminary investigations and above all the new interest in the mysteries of the sea make new marine discoveries extremely probable. We now know enough to make us wish to learn a great deal more.

Although the explorers who have charted the far ends of the earth, particularly the polar regions, have also studied the sea and measured its currents, its depths and its temperatures, their main interest has been the land. But now when polar flights seem possible the number of purely oceanographic expeditions is increasing.

In this field, as in polar and other land explorations, the Scandinavians have been pioneers. For the benefit of their fishing industries their men of science have studied the animal life of the oceans until they jokingly say that they have measured and tagged every flounder in the North Sea. The breeding place of eels Danish scholars have traced to the Antilles. Whaling has become of late almost a Norwegian monopoly. The catch this year has been estimated as worth forty-eight million kroner—a large sum for so small a country. The catch of cod off the northern coast amounts to thirty-two million fishes and employs six hundred boats and three thousand men. In Norway the income of one family in every six comes from the sea.

Of the experience and knowledge that the Scandinavians have gathered, the rest of the world is free to make use. Science recognizes no national boundaries. The United States Coast Guard, for example, is sending one of its best officers to the University of Bergen to study oceanic problems. The University of



Minnesota, which has many Scandinavian names on its roster, is sending an expedition to explore the animal life of the Pacific. Several governmental departments are combining with the United States Navy to study submarine as well as surface phenomena in the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean.

The object of all those explorations is to discover how the resources of the sea in food stuffs can be made more available. Already it has been suggested that hydroplanes be used to discover schools of fish for the benefit of fishing fleets. Although man has eaten fish and other products of the sea as far back as there is any history, yet as compared with the perishable products of the land such as meats and fruit the harvest of the sea is both gathered and distributed in a primitive and haphazard way.

Here again we may learn much from the Scandinavians. Of late they have rapidly improved their methods of cleaning, freezing and packing fish mechanically, and they have also learned how to market their fish products.

### The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

#### "Mis' Jonny"

*wondered what she should do in the idle time that comes to the farm in the fall. An active woman, she dreaded having little to do. But her warm-hearted, executive nature found employment in doing good to others— young and old. What her deeds were and who benefited by them are told in a series of four stories entitled*

#### Idle Autumn

*Miss Gertrude West, author of Four Camp Fires to Bethel, is the author. She paints a lifelike portrait of a delightful Missouri woman. The first story will appear in The Companion for September 18.*

## CURRENT EVENTS

THE perils of aviation over wide ocean surfaces, especially in high latitudes, are illustrated afresh by the accident that forced Lieutenant Wade, one of the American party of airmen who are flying round the world, to descend into the sea between the Faroe Islands and Iceland. His plane was damaged beyond repair, and he and his mechanic were rescued with some difficulty by a passing trawler. Thus two of the four airmen who started from Seattle have been forced out of the flight. Meanwhile the British aviator, Major MacLaren, who was flying round the world in the reverse direction, was after a number of misadventures forced to abandon his undertaking. He had got as far as the Komandorski Islands off the coast of Siberia.

THE statesmanship of the London conference proved sufficient to bring them to an amicable agreement concerning the means of carrying out the Dawes plan. M. Herriot made agreement possible by relinquishing the claim that France has made to take independent action against Germany whenever it thought that the Germans were defaulting in their reparation payments; and he has the credit of suggesting the plan that the conference finally adopted by which the question of default, if not decided by a unanimous vote of the Reparations Commission, can be carried on appeal to a special arbitral committee on which an American representative shall sit. As we write, the German delegates headed by Chancellor Marx are in London, conferring with the representatives of the Allies. It is expected that they will agree to the proposed arrangements if they can get from M. Herriot a promise to withdraw the French troops from the Ruhr. That promise he is personally ready to give, though he can do it only at the risk of serious trouble in the Chamber of Deputies. The nations of Europe are not yet out of the woods, but the situation had never before been so hopeful as it was when the German delegates went to London. The Reparations Commission reports that Germany has so

far paid under the Treaty of Versailles about five and a half billion marks. Deducting the cost of the army of occupation, there remains a balance paid by way of reparations of about two and a half billion marks. The commission also credits to Germany nearly three billion marks in material seized or turned over. It is calculated that about one billion of the total was in cash—a sum smaller, the commission says, than the profit shown by the export of German paper marks to other European countries and to the United States.

THE plans of the War Department for observing Defense Day—September 12—have aroused much discussion and some severe criticism. Four governors—Mr. Bryan of Nebraska, Mr. Sweet of Colorado, Mr. Blaine of Wisconsin and Mr. Baxter of Maine—publicly condemned the proposal and refused to forward the plans of the department except so far as the law obliges them. The protests took on a political tinge from the fact that Governor Bryan is the Democratic candidate for Vice President, and that Mr. Davis, the Presidential candidate, publicly approved his position. The critics of the Defense Day plans maintain that the proposed activities are an attempt to arouse military enthusiasm in the public and that they would be regarded in other countries as an ill-timed and challenging military demonstration. The Secretary of War, supported by President Coolidge, denies that the affair is in any sense militaristic and says that it is intended merely to test the working of the Defense Act of 1920 and to familiarize our small army and the National Guard with the steps that would have to be taken in a national emergency. The dispute is only a phase of a long-standing disagreement between those who believe that thorough preparation is the best protection against war and those who believe that the more preparation there is the more likely war is to come.

THE council of the American Federation of Labor has formally indorsed La Follette and Wheeler. It makes clear that it approves them, not as the nominees of a party, but as individuals, for the Federation under Mr. Gompers's leadership has consistently avoided identifying itself with any party organization. The council declares that the Progressive candidates are the only ones who are wholly satisfactory to Labor and that the old party platforms carefully avoid taking any position on industrial matters that can be called favorable to organized Labor.

JOSEPH CONRAD, the writer of brilliant stories of the sea, is dead. His career is remarkable, for he was a Pole by birth and knew no English until he had reached manhood. Yet he became such a master of his adopted language that no one would have guessed that he had not spoken it from the cradle. Mr. Conrad wrote of what he knew, for he was a sailor and a shipmaster before he became a writer.

THE Irish boundary question grows threatening. Ulster has steadily refused to appoint a delegate to assist in drawing the border line between Ulster and the Free State, because the Ulster government knows that, if it did appoint one, the British and the Free State delegates would outvote him, and it would consequently lose parts of Tyrone and Fermanagh that it does not mean to give up. Accordingly the British government has announced that it will propose a bill for a boundary commission without any representative from Ulster, but Ulster takes the position that it cannot be bound by any such commission. On the face of it, the tangle seems hopeless, but some way out will probably be found.

THE House of Commons is again stirred out of its dignified repose by Lady Astor, the American-born woman who was the first of her sex to enter Parliament. A portrait of her recently appeared on a staircase of the House, hanging beside that of Queen Elizabeth. Loud protests arose because the consent of the House had not been asked; apparently Lord Astor and the Speaker had settled the matter between them. The picture shows Lady Astor at the moment when Mr. Lloyd George and Earl Balfour introduced her at the bar of the House.



Photo by Levick

## The hardest grilling sport shoes ever got

**A whole season on the feet of one of the greatest tennis players of all times—and still good for more**

Grilling practice games—famous championship matches. Bearing the brunt of every last ounce of energy from a human dynamo!

These Keds not only were still good for more wear after this terrific test—but they had already lasted over a period when this famous champion would normally have outworn three pairs of shoes!

Records like this help to explain why Keds are the standard shoes for sports and athletic use today. Leading players

and championship teams everywhere are wearing them. They're built to give the maximum of speed, ground-grip, comfort and wear.

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The new Keds Hand-Book for Boys is full of things every boy will want to know about—how to make things—rules for games—woodcraft, etc. And games, recipes and other useful information are in the Keds Hand-Book for Girls. Either sent free if you address Dept. 734, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

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## FOUR BELLS A TALE OF THE CARIBBEAN

By Ralph D. Paine



"WHERE IS THIS COCOS ISLAND?"

richly colorful, told by one who knows well the region of which he writes. We need more novels on the high level of this one, though it is fair to warn any prospective reader that it is not well to begin it in the evening, unless willing to give the night to the happy task of finishing it."—*Boston Herald.*

**OUR OFFER** Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription (not your own) for *The Youth's Companion* and we will present you with a copy of "Four Bells," by Ralph D. Paine, sending the book to you postpaid. Regular price of the book is \$2.00.

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## CHILDREN'S PAGE

"Let's just skip over and climb the tree"



Why do they call it Labor Day  
When all the world goes out to play?

### RAY COON RIDES GOATBACK

By G. H. SMITH



WHEN Ray Coon heard that a billy goat had come to live in the large field beyond the woods his eyes sparkled. Peter Possum and Rusty Fox told him the news. "Could I ride him?" Ray asked at once. Rusty looked at Peter. "Well, you might try it," he said.

Now Ray had never seen a billy goat, much less ridden one. He jumped for joy. "How about a saddle and bridle?" he asked.

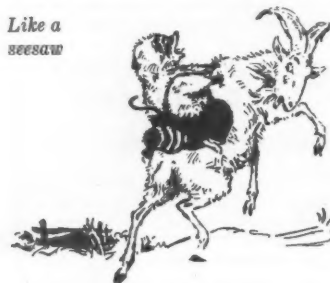
"You won't need them," Peter Possum replied. He felt ashamed of himself for not warning Ray, but he only said, "Come on, let's have a look at the goat."

They went hurrying through the woods, and Ray Coon had to trot fast to keep up with the others. The goat was grazing quietly under an apple tree that stood by itself in the middle of the field.

"Let's just skip over and climb the tree," Rusty suggested. "Then, Ray, you can reach down, grab the goat round the neck and swing yourself on to his back."

"That will be grand," said Ray. "And afterwards you and Peter can take your turns."

Like a  
seesaw



Rusty cleared his throat. "Thank you," he said, but his voice was queer.

The goat did not take any notice of them as they scurried across the field and clambered into the tree. He was a fine-looking goat; he had a short, bristly tail and a broad forehead.

As the boys climbed they shook the tree so hard that some apples that were growing among the upper branches fell to the ground.

"Oho, winesaps!" Rusty cries. "Look how the goat likes them, the greedy thing!"

Now if there was one thing in the world that Rusty liked himself it was winesap apples. He made a quick plan. There were only a few apples left in the tree. If he shook them to the ground now, the goat would get them; if he did not, Peter Possum would get them, for Peter was a fine climber and Rusty a poor one. He decided what he would do.

"Hurry up, Ray!" he called sharply. "Get on the goat while he's eating."

Ray scrambled out on a long limb and suddenly dropped to the goat's back. He clutched the animal's sides with his knees and caught firm hold of the long hair on his neck.

"Get up, sir!" he said in a loud voice.

But the goat needed no command. The instant he felt Ray on his back he began to run. As he went he moved like a seesaw; first his front legs were in the air, then his hind legs. Round and round the field he tore, going faster with every step.

Ray held on for dear life and screamed at the top of his lungs. "Whoa there!" he cried over and over, but it did no good.

Back in the apple tree Peter Possum was rocking with laughter. Never in his life had he seen anything so funny as Ray Coon on the back of that billy goat.

"O Rusty, look at the circus," he gasped. But Rusty was thinking about the apples

in the top of the tree. He could not climb up and get them, but he could shake them down. So while Peter was shouting and holding his sides Rusty gave the longest branch a mighty shake, and a large number of apples came tumbling down. Then he slipped hastily to the ground after them.

Suddenly Peter glanced down and saw him. "Oho," he cried, "maybe I can help you with that job!"

And the next moment he was down among the apples himself.

Meanwhile Ray and the goat whirled madly round the field. Ray was afraid to hold on, but even more afraid to let go.

"O dear! O dear!" he thought. "If only I had never seen this billy goat!"

At that instant the goat gave a violent plunge, and off Ray went. Fortunately the



Ray



"Look out, Rusty and Peter!"

ground was so soft that he was not hurt; he sat up and blinked.

Under the tree Rusty Fox and Peter Possum were busy. With their backs turned to Ray and the goat they stooped over, stuffing winesaps into their mouths, into their pockets and into their shirts as fast as they could stuff them. Ray wondered what they were doing.

The goat saw them. He gave a little bounce into the air and shook himself and lowered his head and made a rush for the tree.

"Look out, Rusty and Peter!" Ray Coon shouted.

The others heard him, but they thought he was still screaming to the goat, and so they did not turn round. The next moment the goat had butted Rusty into a gooseberry bush and Peter head over heels into a briar patch.

"Oh, my stars!" cried Ray. "Are they killed, I wonder?"

The goat switched his tail and began to nose the apples.



DRAWINGS BY  
PAUL MASON

"Hurry up,  
Ray!"

Ray ran to the tree. He was afraid of the goat, but he could not bear to leave Rusty and Peter in such trouble.

They had not been much hurt, he found, but they were badly bumped and very angry. Moreover, they were afraid to get up while the goat was so near.

Ray waited a little while; then he thought of a plan. Running over to the next field, he got a big turnip, put it on the end of a long stick and then went softly up to the billy goat.

The goat had had enough apples, but when he smelled the turnip he looked pleased.

Holding one end of the stick in his hand so that the end with the turnip on it was just in front of the animal's eager nose, Ray walked off down the field.

"Now's your chance, boys," he said.

Rusty and Peter pulled themselves up and ran away as fast as they could go.

Ray gave the goat the turnip, patted his shaggy neck and went thoughtfully home. The next time he saw Rusty and Peter they talked to him about everything in the world except billy goats.

### CHUMS

By Charlotte E. Wilder

I'm friends with all the children  
That go to school with me—  
With Jane and John and Jennie,  
But mostly Rosalie.

We always play together  
And spin our tops and swing,  
And Rosalie can roller-skate  
And—oh, do anything!

I had the sweetest kitty  
With white and yellow fur,  
But last year for a present I  
Let Rosalie have her.

And once when we were little  
She named her doll for me.  
You see, I'm friends with everyone,  
But chums with Rosalie.

### Curious Curls, A Complaint

BY PRINGLE BARRET

Some folks may think that  
parties are

As pleasant as can be,  
And I suppose they know; but still

It sometimes seems to me  
That parties are too  
troublesome

For very little girls  
And nurses too. Mine tries  
so hard

To put my hair in curls.  
She does it up the night  
before

In papers, oh, so tight!  
And in the morning twists  
and pulls

To make it look just right.  
"To be dressed up you  
must have curls,"

She says. It may be true,  
And some folks may like  
parties, but  
I don't believe I do.



DRAWN BY HELEN STRONG LOUNSBERRY



Ray pleases the goat



## WOODEN SHOES

"THE peasants in America do not wear wooden shoes at all, even in the fields!" writes Abbe Pierre, of Gascony. "No, the peasants there wear shoes of leather, although I should think that sabots would be much more serviceable, not only on the roads, but plowing. . . . And wooden shoes are far less expensive. Ah, that America is an extravagant country!"

Advertisements haven't yet taken the heavy wooden shoes from Gascon feet — nor yet the heavy wooden shoes from Gascon minds. Gascony thinks in the past. America in the future.

Advertisements make the difference. They crisscross improvements in countless directions across the miles. They distribute Fords, furnaces and electric lights so widely that foreigners think you extravagant to enjoy them. They put you in touch with the latest conveniences. They help so many people enjoy those conveniences that their cost to you is small.

You read advertisements to link yourself with the best — to substitute speed for the shambling progress you otherwise would have to make in the lonely wooden shoes of isolation.

Do you read them regularly? Good habits pay.

*Advertisements are a reliable buying guide obtainable in no other way*



## STAMPS TO STICK

HOW can the beginner at collecting distinguish the counterfeit stamp from the genuine or the reprint from the original? When a prominent American philatelist was recently asked that question he replied: "Study for a lifetime, learn all you can, then guess."

In other words the beginner need not expect that it is going to be a simple thing for him to recognize every time a fraudulent stamp. Even veterans who have been students of stamps for years find the problem difficult.

The intelligent collector studies inks, plates, designs, perforations and a thousand other details and finds all his knowledge useful in reaching his decisions.

Here is how one counterfeit was discovered; it is given to illustrate the knowledge that the old-timer acquires in his studies of stamps: In a certain year in the nineteenth century a surcharged stamp appeared. A dealer recently got a copy and offered it for sale to a widely known collector. The collector, however, was suspicious that the surcharge on the stamp had been "faked." It looked thin and shiny, whereas the overprint as originally placed on the stamp was thick and muddy. The prospective buyer learned upon inquiry that in the year in which the stamp was issued there was no ink of the kind that must have been used to place the thin and shiny surcharge on the stamp.

Thus through a study of inks many stamps believed by some collectors to be genuine have been proved to be counterfeit.

A leading stamp dealer in this country some years ago adopted a policy of refusing either to buy or to sell stamps that he had reason to believe were counterfeits and of refusing to sell reprints without placing a printed statement that it was a reprint on the back of each one. It is to be regretted that all dealers do not follow his example.

The beginner should not buy any stamps from a dealer who places counterfeits or reprints on approval sheets or in packets, and who sells them as genuine or original stamps. It is the dealer's business to know which stamps are likely to be counterfeits or reprints, and certainly it should be a part of the ethics of his profession to refrain from foisting such stamps on inexperienced collectors.

Assume that on an approval sheet is a stamp that is listed in the American standard catalogue as being worth five dollars but that is priced two cents on the approval sheet. The prospective buyer should pause and think. The stamp is either a counterfeit or a reprint, or else the dealer is inexperienced and does not realize what he is offering for two cents. The last supposition is unlikely, for the dealer is in business to make a profit and is not likely to offer for two cents a stamp catalogued at five dollars. The collector should call the dealer's attention to the fact that he is offering an apparently valuable stamp at a ridiculously low price and ask him pointblank how he can afford to do it. If all collectors would do that, the habit of some dealers of placing fraudulent stamps on approval sheets and in low-priced packets would be checked. There is a national association of stamp dealers in the United States, the members of which frown upon dishonest methods.

One of them has what he calls a reference collection. In it are genuine copies of all stamps that are known to have been either counterfeited or reprinted. The collection contains many rare stamps that the dealer could sell at a handsome profit, but he refuses to sell any of them because he keeps the collection for a distinct purpose — comparing genuine and original stamps with counterfeits and reprints. The collection has cost him \$100,000 and thirty years of work to make. Through the use of it he has discovered, for example, that there have been thirty-eight known attempts to counterfeit the first Swiss stamp, — that of the cantonal administration of Basle, — which is catalogued at \$300 unused and \$250 cancelled. Some of the counterfeit Basles were offered to him for sale, and by comparing them with the genuine copy in his reference collection he saved himself from being swindled.

Collectors know that the American standard catalogue is invaluable to the beginner who would avoid buying reprints. An original stamp is from the original plate, manufactured either by a government or for it, and is issued exclusively for postal use while that plate is in the possession of the government.

Sometimes a government will retain the plate in its archives after the stamp has been discontinued, and perhaps years later bring it out and print a few stamps, not for postal use, but for some special purpose, such as display at an exhibition of stamps. Such a stamp is one form of reprint, and usually the government uses a different kind of ink, or perhaps a different measure of perforation, from that originally used. Thus it is easy to distinguish the reprint from the original.

But there is another class of reprint. Some governments have made a practice of selling stamp plates, after the stamps have been discontinued for postal uses. The sale may be made to a syndicate, which prints huge quantities of stamps and sells them to dealers. As they seldom use exactly the same kind of ink or paper that the government used, the fraud can generally be detected.

Thus the American standard catalogue becomes valuable to the beginning collector, for it is full of information about stamps that have been reprinted. For example, a note regarding one of the stamps of the Mexican issue of 1886 says: "The 20-cent has been reprinted in a darker shade and on watermarked paper." The original stamp was on unwatermarked paper. Here is another typical note: "The impressions in the reprints are clear and sharp, and there are more lines in the shading of the face than on the original stamps. The reprints exist with both thin and thick numerals of value, imperforate and perforated." Another note reads: "The reprints of these stamps are 24 mm. high instead of 24 mm. The *moiré* pattern on the back is printed in gray blue instead of bright blue and is blurred and indistinct."

Thus by consulting the standard catalogue the new collector can usually save himself from buying reprints.

A NEW revenue stamp has appeared at Washington. It is a 10-cent stamp for use on playing cards. The recent session of Congress raised the tax on playing cards from eight to ten cents. The new stamp is blue and is of the same size as the present stamp used for the same purpose, but the design is different.

THE Companion has already described Roald Amundsen's plan to fly to the north pole this year. Special postal cards, costing a dollar, were issued and sold in large quantities to the public, and in that way money was raised to help defray expenses. The Norwegian government purposed to issue a special stamp of a value of 25 ore for use on mail that would be carried on the expedition, together with the special postal cards. It is now said that Amundsen was unable to raise money enough to buy machines and equipment in time, and that the flight may be abandoned entirely. The machines and equipment were to have been bought in Italy, and there is a rumor that the Italian government may finance the expedition and Italian aviators undertake the flight. If Amundsen does not fly, the Norwegian stamp will not appear, and, if Italy finances the expedition, it is not unlikely that Italy will issue special stamps.

NEW air posts in various parts of the world generally result in time in the appearance of special airplane stamps. Thus, a recent news dispatch is interesting to collectors because of what it may foreshadow. The report says that an air mail linking the capitals of Central America "is about to become a reality" and adds, "At the initiative of Guatemala the other Central American governments have agreed in principle to a contract proposed by the Central American Aviation Company, operators of the proposed service."

Meanwhile it has been announced on behalf of the Colombian government that plans are under consideration for starting air-mail services between New York and Buenos Aires and between New York and Barranquilla, Colombia.

IN the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican in Rome is Michelangelo's famous fresco, representing a group of twelve prophets and sibyls. The eleventh of the group is called the Libyan sibyl, or prophetess, with an open book in her hands. The fresco was undertaken and completed in the early years of the sixteenth century. Thus it is appropriate that the Libyan sibyl group should constitute the uniform design on four new stamps that have been issued by Italy's order for Libya, west of Egypt in northern Africa. The values and colors are 20 centesimi, green; 40 centesimi, brown; 60 centesimi, blue; and 2 lire, red.

### A CAREFUL DISTINCTION

THAT there are two sides to every case is shown by the defense offered by the man who was charged with having deserted his wife. The judge asked him what he had to say to the charge.

"It is not true, Your Honor," declared the man earnestly. "I am not a deserter, but a refugee."

## FAMOUS FENWAY OUTFIT

All for 12c; 2 scarce triangle stamps; small album; 5 blank approval sheets; 250 hinges; perforation gauge; 5 large French Colonials; 2 special deliveries; Airmail set; red cross set; Fantastic Fenway Packet containing 55 different including Abyssinia, Agorae, Cape of Good Hope, Bosnia, Crete, Congo, etc. This wonderful outfit and 10-page price list, only 12c to new approval applicants.

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## RAIN IN THE VALLEY

By Helen Ives Gilchrist

\* \* \*

*Rain's in the air; the silver side of leaves  
Turns upward in the cool, half-odorless breeze  
That clings a little where it touches, then drifts on.  
The killdeer cries a warning, and the trees  
Lisp softly, greener in this crystal light  
That prints a fresh new world upon our sight.*

*Now the wind hides, and the deep-shadowed pines,  
Their needles poised, stand waiting, ghostly still;  
A swift, wet whispering of drops begins;  
Gray clouds unfurled along the eastern hill  
Let down a thousand threads, all jewel-weighted.  
The little wind springs up again, elated.*

*The silver rain threads slant in wind-blown fall,  
Blurring to gray-green mist the trees and hills;  
Along the pasture lane the hoof-shaped pools  
Are spattered full; the brook's cup foams and  
spills.*

*Under the road bridge on a dusty shelf  
A gray hen clucks dry pity for herself.*

## CROSSING A MUSKEG

ONE of the things peculiar to North America is the muskeg, a sort of marsh or swamp with mud that sucks like quicksand. The unwary man or animal wandering into a muskeg disappears quickly and leaves no trace. Yet a muskeg can be crossed. Great tufts of heavy grass grow irregularly on the surface, and if a man will pick his way carefully he will have little trouble.

A call to visit a sick man brought a physician in haste from the village. A muskeg lay directly in his way; since to cross it would save much valuable time, he took the risk. When he was well over it, he heard a little noise behind him and, looking round, spied his little four-year-old son following hard after him! The boy was already well out on the dangerous muskeg.

As quietly as he could the doctor picked his way back and was only relieved when he had clasped his boy to his breast. "My boy," he cried, "whatever do you mean by coming out here!"

"It's all right, father," the little fellow replied. "I just put my feet where you put yours. It was all right."

Example counts. Precept may guide some children, but most of them zealously put their little feet where their parents have put their big ones. If our boys and girls are to pass safe over the dangerous places of life, they must have good leadership. Then let parents be sure that their steps "are ordered by the Lord," both for their own sakes as well as for the safety of those who are following them.

## LIVELY ARGUMENT

FLORA seemed rather preoccupied while Marjolaine was gayly rattling off the news of the week. When she paused Flora inquired abruptly:

"You call on old Mrs. Dutton sometimes, don't you, Marjolaine? Merely as a neighbor, I mean, not officially. I know she isn't in your district for the Outdoor Relief Fund."

"Dear me, yes; I've known the dear old soul ever since I was knee high to a grasshopper. There's nothing official in my relations with a resolute giantess—that's how she looked to me then—who once marched me home by the collar to a spanking because I'd thrown a green apple through her kitchen window."

Flora's worried brow did not relax. "Then you know her pretty well, and of course you know Peggy Vance. Well, Peggy has taken my place as visitor for the winter. I resigned as soon as I found I was going South with mother. But I went in just now to bid her good-by, and Peggy happened to be there, and—well, I'm afraid it isn't going to work out well at all. I wouldn't have believed Peggy could be so tactless—I'd almost say rude! Arguing with an old lady of eighty-three! Arguing hard too. They were both all stirred up, and Mrs. Dutton's backbone was as stiff as a ramrod, and her cheeks were as red as fire. Of course it can't be good for her, and she'll dislike Peggy and blame the society, and I'll be held responsible. Peggy was my suggestion, and sorry I am I suggested her!"

"You needn't be," said Marjolaine composedly. "If Mrs. Dutton was up to her ears in an argument and pitching into somebody or something with all her might, she was perfectly happy. She always is. But Peg must have been extra clever to find it out so soon."

"But, surely, Marjolaine," Flora protested, "it isn't the right way to treat old ladies to—"

"You can't lump old ladies any more than you can lump young ones!" declared Marjolaine. "Mrs. Dutton is fiery and lively and keenly interested in public affairs; in fact she's a born fighter, and it does her good to be allowed a fight. It's never personal, you know; she's hot, not bitter. She gets angry, but it's an impersonal and harmless anger, and it does her good."

"I can't believe it!" said Flora. "I've been brought up to be always so carefully gentle with old people."

Marjolaine's mother looked up from the corner where she was sewing. "And you have lovely ways with them, dear, and they always like you. Mrs. Dutton does; she's very fond of

you. But it's quite true that she delights in argument; holding up her end with spirit seems to leave her feeling fresh and vigorous and younger. We had an aged cousin in our family who was something the same. She visited us when I was a little girl. At the end of a week she burst suddenly into tears at the dinner table and wailed that she was so homesick she was most dead—everybody was so polite!"

Both the girls laughed, and Marjolaine's mother added: "She was Scotch, and so is Mrs. Dutton. Perhaps it's a Scotch trait. It was one Scotch farmer who asked another, you know, 'Whaur are ye going the nicht, Donald?' 'Oh,' answered Donald, 'jist doon to the village for a bit of contradiction.'"

## SPLASH! A LIZARD IN THE SOUP

DURING my six years' sojourn in the Philippines, writes a correspondent, I often found much amusement in watching the antics and studying the habits and characteristics of the animals and insects peculiar to the tropics, not the least interesting of which were the small lizards that infest all houses in the islands. In a country where the whole front of a house is usually open for ventilation it was almost impossible to keep the little reptiles out. But they are harmless; in fact they are useful, since they feed upon flies, mosquitos, spiders and other insects that are a general nuisance. Sometimes, however, the lizards create awkward situations.

An English lady who was new to the tropics had been invited to dinner by one of her countrymen in Manila. An animated conversation was in progress at the dinner table when a lizard was chasing a spider across the ceiling lost its foothold and fell with a splash into the guest's soup. With her eyes filled with soup and her dress spattered, the poor woman screamed and all but fainted. The host and hostess had great difficulty in reassuring her. The servant rescued the little lizard, but the victim remained so much upset that the dinner party was almost spoiled.

I had spent many hours watching the antics and studying the habits of the interesting little reptiles, but it was only after several years that I witnessed an incident that revealed an interesting though brutal side of their character that I had not suspected. I was occupying a room in a house, a large part of the front of which was overgrown with Virginia creepers. The vines crept inside and formed a dense foliage in one corner of the room. I was sitting alone in the room one evening, watching three of my little friends playing round the walls and ceiling, when I saw a fourth lizard creep cautiously out of the vines on the wall. The newcomer was evidently of a different species, for he was smaller, lighter in color and smoother of skin. A large bluebottle fly buzzed past and alighted on the wall a couple of feet from the new arrival. With a lightning-like spurt he pursued and captured it.

No doubt the fly was a delicious morsel, but it proved the little fellow's undoing. Instantly one of the other lizards spied him and gave chase. It was an interesting race. The small lizard, fleeing for his life, sprinted up and down the walls, over the ceiling and in and out of the vines, but his relentless pursuer never slackened pace. At first the pursued, being the speedier, distanced his enemy, but the larger lizard had superior staying powers; the little fellow soon began to tire, and his pursuer gradually closed the gap.

When he came up with his prey he seized him by the tail and immediately began to swallow him alive! Since the victim was only about four inches long and his victim was fully two thirds as large, the swallowing was necessarily slow. I was amazed at the capacity of the gormand. His body stretched like India rubber to accommodate the huge mouthful. The poor victim squirmed and struggled to the last; his eyes protruded in agony as his conqueror's jaws finally closed over him. Then the gormand, with his body bulging like that of a fat toad, crept lazily away among the vines, probably to sleep off the effects of his sumptuous banquet.

## A BABY'S VALUE MUCH EXAGGERATED

THE boyhood of Gen. William Crawford Gorgas, the man who made Panama healthful enough to permit General Goethals to build a canal across it, was spent in Richmond, Virginia, where his father was attached to the Confederate war office. In the story of General Gorgas's life, published in the World's Work, there is this vivid bit of narrative concerning his boyish experiences during the fall and evacuation of the Confederate capital:

By that time Gorgas was eleven years old, but experiences such as those through which he had lived have a maturing effect. His father as part of the army was ordered to leave with Davis and the rest of the cabinet. Summoning William, he solemnly informed him that the safety of his mother and sisters rested in his hands and gave precise instructions. All stores, especially military stores, were to be destroyed; the arsenal, which contained great accumula-

tions of munitions, was to be fired; as the Gorgas house stood near the dangerous building, it was evident that the family could not occupy it indefinitely with safety. When a certain building caught fire the boy was to lead his mother and sisters to the house of his uncle. The father enjoined him especially not to forget the family cow.

Soon a considerable part of the city, including the arsenal, was ablaze, and the sight of the exultant Federal troops coming over the hill added to the excitement. The Gorgas family abandoned their home and started up Cary Street to their appointed refuge. William led the procession, with his invaluable cow on a halter; his four little sisters followed, clinging to the skirts of the mother, who held the baby in her arms. The town was full of disorder; a mob of blacks and whites, stimulated by liquor, were engaged in wholesale plunder, and the fire of a hundred buildings illuminated a scene of riot and horror.

Suddenly there was a terrific explosion, and the air was full of bursting projectiles; the arsenal had caught fire. Every member of the Gorgas family except one bore the shock with coolness; the exception was the cow, which frantically cavorted right and left, pulling its youthful custodian in all directions. William, however, persistently held the rope. At the corner of Cary and Fifth streets amid crackling flame and exploding shells a fragment of shell hit the excited animal, and, springing into the air, she hurled William head first against a cobblestone. He was so dazed that when he regained his composure the cow had vanished. He keenly felt his disgrace and refused to be comforted. He had not fulfilled his father's injunction.

"It's not so bad, Willie," said his mother. "Just think, that shell might have hit your baby brother instead of the cow!"

"I thought at the time," Gorgas said afterward, relating the incident, "that women had a greatly exaggerated idea of the value of babies."

## THE TABLECLOTH ON THE MOUNTAIN

ONE of the most interesting sights to be seen in cloudland is the "spreading of the tablecloth" over Table Mountain in South Africa. When a southerly or south-



Table Mountain with its "cloth"

easterly wind sweeps in from the southern ocean the mountain barrier deflects it upward, the moist air cools by expansion, and a dense white cloud spreads over the summit. It is particularly striking because a perfectly cloudless sky generally prevails at the same time over the surrounding country. The cloud forms a level layer and pours over the leeward edge of the mountain, dissolving and disappearing at a fairly definite level. Thus the picture of a "tablecloth" is complete. The wind that causes the cloud is always more or less violent, and after making the sweep of the mountain it descends in a cataract into the city of Cape Town, which it fills with dust and uproar.

The suddenness with which the cloud forms is a source of danger to persons who make the ascent of Table Mountain. Fatal accidents have occurred because visitors have wandered about in the mist and fallen over precipices; some who preferred to wait for the mist to rise have been obliged to remain for hours in one spot.

The literature of the "tablecloth" dates back at least as far as the seventeenth century. In the library of the United States Weather Bureau in Washington there is a quaint old German work dealing with atmospheric marvels, published at Nuremberg in 1680, containing a picture and a description of the cloud, which had already acquired its present name.

## PATIENCE AND A KEEN NOSE

BILL, a large pointer dog, became overheated during a hunt late one afternoon in January, says a correspondent, and made ever-widening circles until he disappeared in the forests. Darkness came on, and his owner, Mr. P. A. Setzer, of Hickory, N. C., sought for him in vain. Day after day for eleven days Mr. Setzer drove to the scene of the hunt—a ten-

mile drive—and inquired about Bill. Many persons had seen him, and there were fresh tracks along the river bottom, but dog and master could not meet. Mr. Setzer would find tracks close to his own every day, and he knew that Bill was looking for him.

"I believe Bill will follow me home," he remarked to a friend at last after ten days of fruitless search and advertising.

So he got a driver for his car, tramped over the old hunting grounds and then made a bee line down the river, walking four or five miles in all. He crossed the concrete bridge that spans the Catawba River and then within three miles of home got into his car again and drove the rest of the way, arriving home about eight o'clock at night.

Four hours later Bill scratched at the door, and soon master and dog were affectionately greeting each other.

"Bill lost my tracks at the bridge," Mr. Setzer said in recounting the incident, "and that explains why I beat him home several hours. He must have struck my tracks soon after I passed by, but the confusion of crossing a much-traveled bridge, after sojourning eleven days in the wilderness, delayed him."

## THE DOLL THAT LINCOLN PARDONED

TAD" LINCOLN, son of the Martyr President, was a lively and eminently boyish boy; nevertheless, at eight years of age he did not disdain to play with a doll. To be sure, it was a masculine and soldierly doll in the picturesque uniform of the New York Zouaves that had been sent as a gift to the White House at the close of the great Sanitary Commission Fair in New York; and the games that not only Tad but even his older brother and his chums often played with it were by no means of the cuddlesome and little-girlish type. In a recent reminiscence article in the Atlantic Monthly Mrs. Julia Taft Bayne, who as a child often accompanied her young brothers to play with the little Lincoln, has told some of the doings in which Jack, the doll, figured.

Once when she and the boys were in the attic Tad wanted Jack, and she volunteered to go to find him. I went downstairs, she relates, and, opening a door, before me was the President lying stretched out in a large chair, with his head laid back, but with such an utterly weary, sad look—his eyes were closed—that I softly shut the door and went up and said to Tad, "Your father's just going to sleep, and he is dreadfully tired, and Jack is under his chair."

"Huh!" said Tad. "Come on, Hally—we'll go down just as still and give our Indian war whoop; that'll wake him up!" They went downstairs, as still as a load of bricks, and we heard their wild whoops below.

Every little while the doll Jack was solemnly court-martialed by the boys, found guilty either of sleeping on post or of desertion and sentenced to be shot. The firing squad was Tad and his cannon. Then they had a grand military funeral, quite ignoring the fact that condemned soldiers are not accorded military honors. The grave was dug among the choice roses on the south side of the house.

Mrs. Lincoln one day said, "Why are the boys making that dreadful noise, Julia?" I replied, "That is the Dead March; they're burying Jack." "Oh, yes," she said; "and Mr. Watt says they dug holes among the new roses. Go and tell them they must not, Julia."

I went, though I knew they had been told several times before. Mr. Watt was there scolding and showed me several places where Jack had been buried and later disinterred.

"Look here, Tad," said the head gardener, "why don't you have Jack pardoned?"

The suggestion was enough; the four boys clattered up the stairs to the President's private office and demanded a pardon for Jack. Mr. Lincoln heard them gravely and then took a sheet of his official note paper and wrote:

"The doll Jack is pardoned.

By order of the President

A. LINCOLN"

Tad brought it to me, saying in his peculiar speech, "Here, Julie, you keep this; no more buryin's in de groun'." But within a week poor Jack was hanging by the neck from a bush in our garden. Tad said, "Jack was a traitor and a spy."

## THE FASTEST ANTELOPE

THE black buck, the commonest antelope in India, is also the fastest. Indeed Mr. A. A. Dunbar Brander, in his book Wild Animals in Central India, declares that the black buck is the fastest animal in the world.

Although the black buck can be stalked and rushed over a short distance by a hunting leopard, says Mr. Brander, it soon draws away and the leopard abandons the chase. Moreover, the black buck can keep up his pace indefinitely. The value of a flying start is well known in racing, and to what extent that advantage serves the cheetah, or hunting leopard, I cannot say. If it were possible to start both animals together, after the first hundred yards or so it would only be a question of by how much the buck was leading.





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### CAPILLARY BRONCHITIS

**C**APILLARY bronchitis, called also bronchopneumonia, or lobular pneumonia, is a disease chiefly of young children and of the aged. It is not usually a primary disease, but occurs as a complication or sequel of other affections, especially of simple bronchitis, of measles and the other eruptive fevers of childhood and of diphtheria, whooping cough and influenza, in all of which bronchitis is likely to be present. Like most diseases of the respiratory organs it occurs more frequently in winter and in early spring. In addition to the bronchial inflammation extending into the finest terminal twigs—which is the essential condition in capillary bronchitis and from which it derives its name—there is inflammation that involves small but multiple areas of the lungs and causes the air cells to be filled with an exudate of mucus and some blood.

The disease begins quietly without convulsions in children or chills in old people; only a sudden increase in the fever and in the cough leads the physician to suspect the advance of the inflammation into the smaller bronchial tubes and air cells. The cough is hacking and painful, and expectoration is scanty. There is little or no pain in the chest except during the cough, and shortness of breath is seldom complained of. The disease is of uncertain duration; it may start toward recovery at the end of three or four days, or it may last a couple of weeks; in mild cases it usually lasts no longer than a week.

As to treatment, as always prevention is better than cure. A child with measles or any of the common precursors of capillary bronchitis should be carefully looked after in a well ventilated room that is not cold; he should be shielded from drafts and turned in bed several times a day to prevent stagnation of blood in any part of the lungs. The diet should be simple but nourishing—milk, chicken, codded eggs, rice, and so forth; small quantities should be given frequently. Water should be taken freely, and orange juice occasionally. Thin clay poultices or mild mustard poultices often make respiration easier and promote sleep. Inhalations of compound tincture of benzoin or similar drugs tend to keep the disease from extending.

### WHAT MARCIA DISCOVERED

**T**HE doctor had come and gone, and Evelyn was resting, and the household was quieting down after the accident. But up in her room Marcia was facing one of the biggest battles of her life. Evelyn Rogers, Marcia's "fairy princess," for whose three-day visit Marcia had compelled the house and everyone in it to put on holiday garb, would now have to stay for several weeks until she was well enough to be moved. And Uncle Garland and Aunt Lydia were coming next week! They were dear people, but Uncle Garl did all sorts of things with his knife and fork, and Aunt Lydia said "you was" and "ain't" and wore gingham aprons all the time. And Miss Prissy Conway would come trailing in and out, and Nelly Barnum—all the neighbors with their everyday grammar and manners and interests. By a great effort Marcia had managed to keep them all away for the three days of Evelyn's visit, but nothing she could do could keep them away for three weeks.

Marcia sat grimly facing it all. And because she was honest she did more; she faced herself too. Anybody who does that needs to be brave, for he is sure to make unpleasant discoveries.

"Marcia Eldridge," she said to herself, "you are a snob! As much as Tess Clayton, whom you've despised for years. You are actually ashamed of Uncle Garl and Aunt Lydia and plucky Nelly Barnum and all the rest of them! Their courage and honesty and dear warm hearts don't seem to you half so big as their little slips in grammar. Oh, but I despise you, Marcia Eldridge, just despise you! I'm going to 'fess up to Evelyn this minute."

Evelyn looked up anxiously as Marcia opened the door. "Marcia, I'm feeling so dreadfully to put you to all this trouble! I'll take myself away the first minute the doctor will let me. I promise you that!"

"Trouble!" Marcia retorted scornfully. "I've discovered something that is trouble! I've discovered that I'm a great big snob! I am ashamed of all sorts of little foolish trifles—that when Uncle Garl and Aunt Lydia come you will have to be moved into my room and will discover all kinds of makeshifts that I have been keeping from you. I've found that I hate like poison to have you see the everyday dishes and clothes and the kind of neighbors that come in and out all day. Evelyn Rogers, can you ever have the least bit of respect for me again?"

Evelyn was looking at her strangely.

"What is it?" Marcia asked.

"It's—Marcia dear, if you knew how hungry I've been for a home and home things and old dishes and neighbors running in and out on all sorts of everyday errands! I'm so tired of living in hotels and automobiles. I'll be so happy over this old ankle if you'll only take me into it all!"

And then the two girls were holding each other's hands, and Marcia was crying, "Oh, aren't snobs foolish!"

### THERE ARE TWO WAYS OF MARRYING

**I**N spite of his cherubic countenance Benjamin Jowett, the master of Balliol College at Oxford, was shrewd and well acquainted with the ways of the world. On two occasions only, writes the Rev. A. H. Sayce in his reminiscences, have I known of his being non-plussed.

On one occasion he was staying with one of the Eton masters, who had invited his boys to breakfast to meet the distinguished guest. Jowett was silent throughout the meal, as was his wont when not called upon to entertain members of the high official or aristocratic world, and when the diners rose from the table, one of the boys, a good-natured fellow and the son of a country squire, thinking that the stranger must have come from the country and that his silence was owing to the fact that the topics of conversation, philosophy and the like, had been above his comprehension, went up to him and said, "It's been very stupid talking, sir, hasn't it? How are the crops doing in your part of the world?"

On the other occasion a Balliol undergraduate was laid up with typhoid fever, and his sister came to Oxford to nurse him. Jowett kindly offered her a room in his house, and there she remained until her brother was convalescent. On leaving she thanked the master for his kindness to her and added that she was emboldened by it to make a further call upon him. Would he marry her?

Jowett got up from his chair, walked up and down the room in an agitated fashion and began to stammer out that it was impossible. But he was much relieved when she went on to explain that what she meant was that she was going to be married in a few weeks and wanted him to perform the ceremony.

### THE PLAINTIFF ON THE JURY

**S**INCE it is a place where human nature is constantly under examination and illustration, there is plenty of humor to be found in the solemn proceedings of the court room. One of the very best court anecdotes, says the Argonaut, is told by the eminent English advocate Sir Ernest Wild, K. C.

A civil action was being heard in a certain court of justice, and counsel, having opened the case, called the plaintiff, whereupon a member of the jury rose, left the jury box and made his way to the witness box. Asked what he was doing, he said that he was the plaintiff.

"Then what are you doing on the jury?" said the judge.

"I was summoned to sit on the jury," said the man, producing the summons.

"But surely," said the judge, "you know that you cannot help to try your own case?"

"Well," said the baffled one ruefully, "I did think it was a bit of luck."

### AS GOOD AS NEW, OWNER HAS NO USE FOR IT

**S**OME people have a subtle way of delivering a bit of criticism, says the Argonaut, and Tom B— is one of them. One day after his fellow workman had made a very stupid blunder he remarked: "Joe, I wish you would will me your head when you die."

"What do you want of my head?" asked the other unspectacularly.

"Why," said Tom, "it would be just like a new one; you never use it."

### ANYTHING TO PLEASE A BEAR

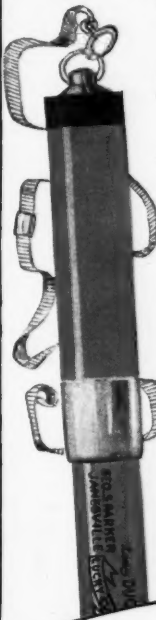
**A**CHINESE who was visiting Yellowstone Park in winter, says the Boston Transcript, happened to glance over his shoulder and spy a huge bear sniffing at his tracks in the snow. John at once began to run, shouting back excitedly as he did so:

"You likee my tracks? I makee you some more!"

RIVALS THE BEAUTY OF THE SCARLET Tanager

## Come On School Days Duofold's Ready to Go

The Black-tipped Lacquer-red Classic Handsome to Own—Hard to Lose Jewel-Smooth Point Guaranteed 25 Years



FOR an even start this Fall with your classmates—a little ahead of some, and as well equipped as any—take along the \$7 Parker Duofold or \$5 Lady Duofold or sturdy Duofold Jr. They're the reigning favorites in every high school and college.

Every time you write, every test you take, will gain the speed and clearness of this 25-year jewel-smooth point; and the inspiration of its balanced shaft in your hand.

A pen that loves its job—never failing—never ailing. Handsomer than gold and twice as valuable along life's whole career.

A pen you can lend without a tremor because no style of writing can distort its point—guaranteed, if not mistreated, for 25 years.

Whichever you say—flashing plain black, or lacquer-red black-tipped—though we recommend the color, for it makes this a hard pen to lose.

Imitations can't deceive you if you look for this stamp when you go to buy—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD—Lucky Curve." Step up to any good pen counter and get it for school.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WIS.

Manufacturers also of Parker Duofold Pencils to match the pen, \$3.50



Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

Parker LUCKY CURVE OVER-SIZE Duofold \$7 With The 25 Year Point

Slender Lady Duofold to harmonize with her Costume

Duofold Jr. \$5

## "Big Giant"

A Real Steam Engine USING KEROSENE AS FUEL

For Young Engineers

**E**VERY young engineer ought to own one of these superb engines. It will not only afford hours of pleasure, but in many cases will develop a taste for mechanical work and engineering. The engine is designed for running toy machinery at a high rate of speed. These toys, such as machine shops, mills, forges, etc., can easily be made by the boys. They will thus enjoy both the making and the running of their plant. Power can be transmitted to the machine shop or mill through an attached pulley wheel, with a cord for a belt.

Runs Toy Machinery

Boys, just think of the fun you can have running this engine and making toy machinery for it! There will be no dull times, even on stormy days, if you have a "Big Giant" in the house. When steam is up the "Big Giant" will develop power sufficient to run the models you can make. The engine will also supply steam for a shrill blast of the whistle whenever the engineer so desires. Besides the fun you can have in this way, you will learn many things about steam power and machinery that may help you later in life.

**Description.** It stands eleven inches high and is absolutely safe. It is an improvement over all former styles in that ordinary kerosene can be used as fuel, instead of alcohol. Can be run full speed continuously for ten hours at a cost of less than one cent. It has a safety valve, steam whistle and a finely fitted water gauge that will always indicate the exact amount of water in the boiler. It has a large balance wheel and other necessary parts to make it the most powerful steam engine for toy machinery now on the market. In addition to the many features described, the following important improvements have been made this season. The boiler is now made of heavy, polished brass, solid brass connections for the water gauge, brass whistle base and cast piston connection. The engine is finely finished, free from danger of explosion, and one of the most popular articles for boys ever offered. Value \$2.75.



The "Big Giant" is manufactured exclusively for Companion subscribers and can be obtained only from us.

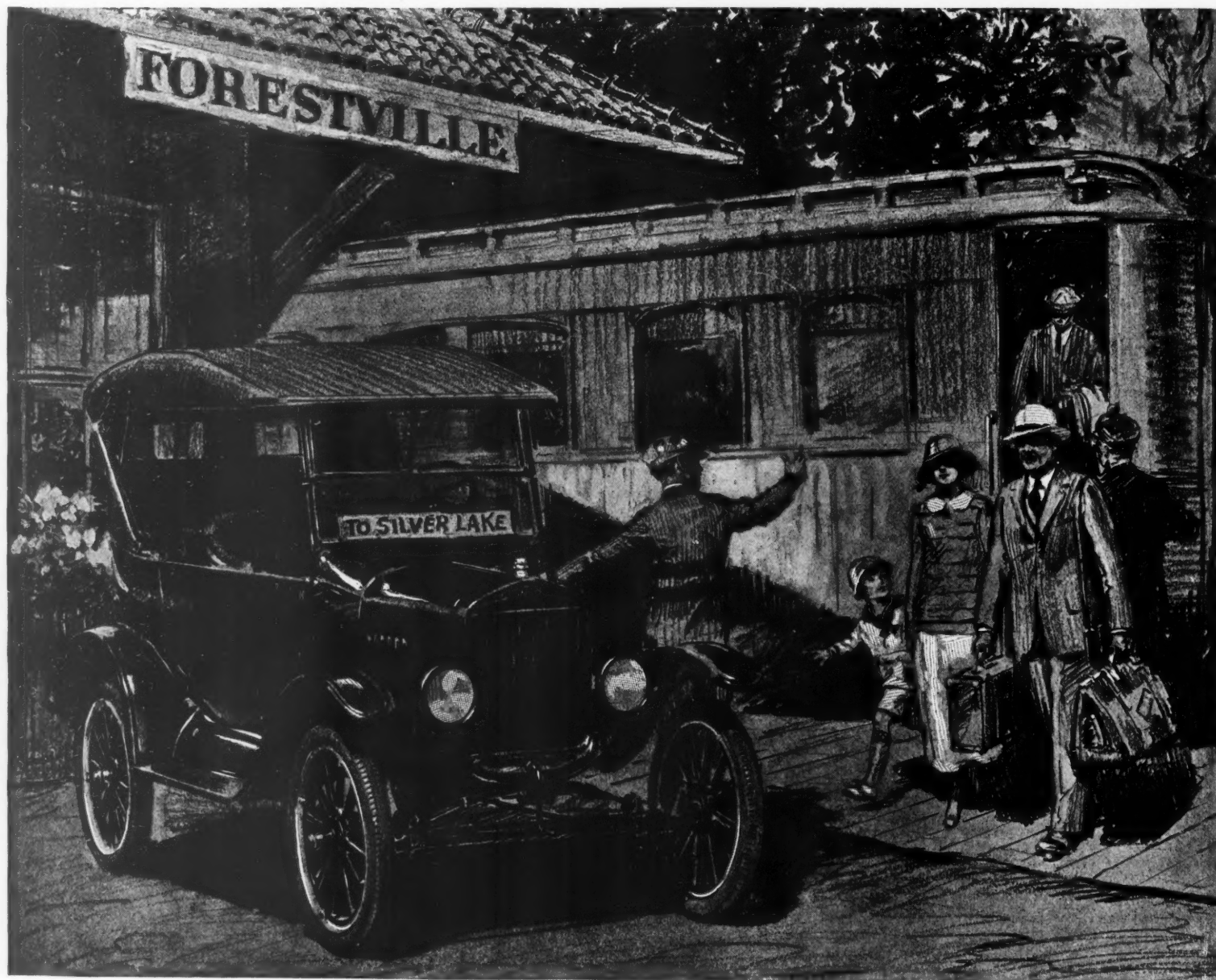
### How to Get the "Big Giant" Engine

Ask a friend or neighbor to give you his subscription for The Companion for one year. Send the address to us with the subscription money and 35 cents extra and we will present you with the "Big Giant" steam engine. The subscription must be one that has not been upon our books during the past year, and it cannot be your own.

**NOTE.** This offer is made only to our present subscribers to pay them for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past twelve months.

**IMPORTANT.** When sending in your order be sure to include the postage for the engine. Ask your postmaster how much postage will be required for a 2-lb. package and inclose amount with order. Be sure to have the steam engine sent by parcel post, as this will cost less than if sent by express.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Massachusetts



## Where Pleasure and Profit Meet

Many a boy finds ways to turn his Ford to good account—for business as well as pleasure.

For errands, quick deliveries, etc., its reliable service is greatly in demand and he often finds that a Ford car is a profitable

investment as well as a joyful possession the year round.

There is an easy way to buy a Ford on small weekly payments that many boys have taken advantage of. The coupon will bring information.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE TOURING CAR

\$295

F. O. B. DETROIT  
Starter and Demountable Rims \$85 extra

**Ford**  
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

### COUPON

Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

Please tell me how I can buy a Ford on small weekly payments.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_